



No. 475.—VOL. XXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MISS MARGARET HALSTAN,

WHO WILL APPEAR AS TESSA TO-MORROW EVENING IN "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

The King's First Win on a Racecourse—A Millionaire's Lunch—Canvas-back Duck—The Art of Banqueting—The Cost of Dinners.

THAT the King should have won the first race that any of his horses have run for in his name since his Accession is a matter of happy augury, and all who take an interest in racing hope that His Majesty's colours may be as often carried to victory during a long and happy reign as they were in his racing career as Prince of Wales. Kempton Park is essentially a Club meeting, and it was amidst Club surroundings that the King watched his good horse come safely over the course to victory. The field against Ambush II. was a small one, consisting of Drogheda, a former Grand National winner, and King David, a horse about which little was known before the race but which was looked upon as a dangerous antagonist. Ambush II. is entered for the Grand National, run in the third week in March, and, as the horse has already once gained the blue ribbon of steeplechasing over the Aintree track, there is every chance that His Majesty may win again the coveted trophy.

The Millionaire's lunch given to Prince Henry at "Sherry's" was of interest to gourmets all the world over, for it should have been the acme of good taste and good cookery combined. "Sherry's" is the restaurant which is the rival in New York to "Delmonico's," the two restaurants being in close proximity, and it was said at one time that the proprietor of "Sherry's," having conquered New York, intended to join in the American invasion of Great Britain, and was going to show us in London how a hotel and a great restaurant should be "run." This lesson we shall still have to wait for, as I believe the original scheme for a "Sherry's" in London has fallen through; but the accomplished restaurateur will be very welcome among us when he comes if he will bring the recipes of the best Transatlantic dishes with him.

Of typical American "plats" in the lunch given to Prince Henry there were two, terrapin and canvas-back duck. I do not fancy that terrapin is a very expensive luxury—I have eaten it in the North and the South, and the price charged was never large enough to impress itself on my memory—but the real canvas-back duck has to be paid for from a full purse. I am told that the birds are growing scarcer, and that they have now to be sent long distances to New York, and, though every restaurant in every city in the States will produce a duck with the celery flavour in its flesh and will call it "canvas-back," the real bird is really only meat for a millionaire's table.

I have tasted this winter in London some wild-duck which would have passed muster for "canvas-back" and which came from no greater distance than Ireland. These particular duck are said never to see salt-water, and their flesh is less strong and less oily than that of the ordinary wild-duck, while the wild celery on which they feed gives them something of the delicate taste that the connoisseur looks for in the canvas-back. Perhaps, one of these days, Ireland may find a gold-mine in her wild-duck trade.

When some literary gourmet finds time to write a book on feasts that have cost extraordinary sums, the decorations will be found to have added greatly to the cost. The best dinner of delicacies in season never costs any very extraordinary sum, and the best dinner of delicacies out of season, though it may cost a fortune, is not likely to be a really good dinner. It is in the decorations that much of the money is spent, and I recall that, at the most expensive dinner ever given at the Savoy, which cost, I believe, £25 for each diner, the guests plucked the fruit at dessert from the trees which formed part of the decorative scheme. I fancy that the "Rouge et Noir" dinner, at the same restaurant—a dinner which is a landmark in culinary history—must have cost somewhat less, though the decorations were very elaborate.

In the matter of ornamentation, the millionaires at "Sherry's" went, I venture to think, woefully astray. The arrangement of the tables as a half-circle, with the principal table at which the Royal party sat as the star in the embrace of the half-moon, was a pretty conceit, and, by seating the hosts on the outer rim of the semicircle, every one of them faced their guest. The draping of the inner rim of the table with a net in which were immense clusters of roses was a pretty idea, just as was the drop-curtain of real flowers at the Opera; but the electric-lights at mid-day and the cages of canaries were, I regret to say, traces of past barbarism. When man talks, caged birds sing in sympathy, and conversation with a hundred canaries striving to take their part in it must have been embarrassing, and even such a tried orator as Mr. Chauncey Depew is must have resented the "hear, hears" of his feathered audience when he rose to make a speech.

I have often wondered how the cost of restaurant and Club and private dinners compares exactly. I find that at a good Club a very carefully thought-out dinner—no expense being spared—with all its accessories of cigars and liqueurs and the smoking-room charges after dinner, costs within a shilling or two, above or below, two pounds for each diner. At a first-class restaurant the most carefully considered banquet on the same lines should cost the giver nearly three pounds a-head. I wonder what some of the celebrated dinner-givers of London, Sir Henry Thompson or Sir James Blyth, for instance, find their dinners at their own houses cost them?

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The King at the Shire Horse Show—A Narrow Escape of an Accident—The Coronation and the Corporation—The Strand Up Again!—The Kruger Statuettes—Great Britain, Germany, and the United States—Dirt and Disease.

THE King, who, when he is at home, is, above all things, a country gentleman interested in agricultural pursuits, paid a long visit to the Shire Horse Show the day after the Championship had been awarded, and on the occasion the Agricultural Hall, which is used to big crowds, was full from side to side. Sir Walter Gilbey, as usual, did the honours, and the King evidently took the keenest interest in the prize-winners. The Champion stallion was Messrs. Forshaw's Stroxtan Tom, a splendid animal who was second last year and, some people thought, quite as good as the winner. The Champion mare was Mr. R. W. Hudson's Alston Rose, while the Champion gelding was Lady Wantage's Lockinge Ebony, whose sire I remember as a Champion not many years ago.

The day previous, the Prince and Princess of Wales had visited the Show to see the judging, and the Princess had a narrow escape of an accident. Stroxtan Tom, the Champion horse—who, being ten years old, ought to have got over his youthful skittishness—was so excited by the cheering that he became restive and knocked the lid of the Gold Cup he had just won out of his master's hands, and then, as the Prince and Princess were leaving the enclosure, got out of control and dashed for the exit. We shouted to the Prince and Princess, who did not seem to recognise what had happened, and the Princess, happily, stopped just in time, for Stroxtan Tom, with his groom still hanging on to him, missed her by a few feet. Luckily, the groom kept his head, and what might have been a serious accident was averted.

There will be some money flying about at Coronation-time. I am glad to see that the Corporation have decided to spend fifteen thousand pounds to carry out the celebration in a manner worthy of the City. We want something to stir us up a bit, for there has been a good deal of depression lately, and the tradesmen of London will be very glad of something that gives people an excuse for spending money a little more freely. As soon as the weather gets better, we may look forward to a lively time, and, if only the country and foreign visitors turn up in force, we shall have nothing to complain of this Season.

Strand up again! Of course, that is the normal state of things now east of Wellington Street, but the infection has spread to the west, and the wood-pavement which was put down not more than a couple of years ago has had to be pulled up and replaced by new blocks. Evidently the wood was of too soft a kind or it could not have worn out so soon. I wonder when the authorities will learn that, if soft wood is cheaper, it also wears out quicker, and that the only wood to lay down is the hardest that can be got.

I must say that I should like to have one of the Kruger statuettes which the old man had made with the inscription, "P. Kruger, President Cape Republic." Thousands of them were distributed in Cape Colony just before the War began, when the English were going to be driven into the sea. It would pay one of those mysterious persons who provide the kerbstone merchants with their goods to have replicas made of these Kruger statuettes, just to remind us of what might have been.

Prince Henry of Prussia has been having a good time over in the United States, and the dinner given him by the Press seems to have been about the biggest function of the lot. I see that Mr. Whitelaw Reid said that the three nations, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States, were marked out for perpetual peace and friendship. "The Man in the Street" has his doubts about this. Peace and friendship with the United States is all very well, for we speak the same language, and most of us have brothers or uncles or cousins over there. But Germany is different. Of course, we in England are always ready to be on good terms with all the world; but there must be a little reciprocity in these matters, and the Germans have not shown much sign of wanting to do us anything but a bad turn whenever they get the chance. When the Germans let us know that they want our friendship, it will be time enough to think about giving it to them. But at present all the indications are very much the other way.

As soon as ever a drop of rain falls in London, the streets get into the most disgusting condition, and hardly any attempt is made to keep them clean. The pavements are as bad as the roadway, and, though here and there boys with squeegees scrape the top layer of mud off into the gutter, in most of the streets there is nothing but the women's skirts to give the pavement a polish. There is a lot of illness about, and I expect that the dirty state of the streets has something to do with it. Another thing that seems to me responsible for the fever that is about is the pulling-down of so many old houses. This must have stirred up a quantity of germs which had been lying hid, and the dust which flies about from the house-breaker's pick must carry whatever infection there may be over thousands of passers-by.



THE "VICTOR HUGO" WEEK IN PARIS.

CHARACTER SKETCHES BY MARS.

1. Mr. Srb, Burgomaster of Prague, at the head of the Tchegue deputation at the Hôtel-de-Ville reception. 2. Victor Hugo's bust at the Panthéon ceremony. 3. Madame Bartet, of the Comédie-Française, reciting the Poet's "O Souvenirs, printemps aurore!" 4. Mounet-Sully, the doyen of the Comédie-Française, delivering a Hymn of Glory by Victor Hugo. 5. Street-minstrels singing the Poet's glories. 6. "Demandez Victor Hugo dans son assiette, deux sous!"

THE NEW OFFICES OF "LLOYD'S REGISTER."

I GIVE herewith some photographs of the fine building with which the Society of "Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping" has recently adorned the City of London. The well-known architect, Mr. T. E. Collcutt, of Imperial Institute fame, was selected by the Committee to design the large premises demanded for the proper transaction of the growing business of the institution, and under his direction a number of well-known artists have contributed to the decoration of the exterior and interior of the building.

One of the most striking features of the new "Lloyd's Register" is the lavish and effective use of marble in the walls throughout the vestibule and general office on the ground-floor, as well as in the main staircase and the hall outside the Board-room on the first-floor. Indeed, the whole conception of the vestibule, staircase, and hall is fine in the extreme.

Some notes as to the great public institution which has now been housed with so much dignity may interest my readers, for surprisingly little definite knowledge exists in the general mind as to the functions and operations of this Society, which is so influential and beneficial in its action in all matters pertaining to the construction of ships and of marine engines and boilers, and, in fact, in all other matters affecting the efficiency and security of shipping property. Doubtless, the general reader is familiar enough with the name of "Lloyd's," but he frequently finds it difficult to realise that "Lloyd's Register" is an organisation quite distinct from that which is properly known as "Lloyd's." Nor does he commonly know that it is by "Lloyd's Register," and not by "Lloyd's," that the character "A 1" (which, in the phrase "A 1 at Lloyd's," has passed into the common parlance of the world) is assigned to vessels which may come up to the Society's standard of seaworthiness and efficiency.

It may be interesting to note, in passing, that in the designations of both the institutions just referred to, the name "Lloyd" is derived from a Mr. Edward Lloyd who in 1668 owned a coffee-house in Tower Street, and later in Lombard Street, which became the great resort for people connected with shipping, and gradually developed into the headquarters of maritime business, and especially those of marine insurance.

To distinguish clearly between "Lloyd's Register" and "Lloyd's," it should be understood that the latter may be described as primarily an association of underwriters, each of whom conducts his business in accordance with his own views. As a Corporation, "Lloyd's" is an enormous organisation for the collection and distribution of maritime intelligence to all interested. The Corporation has its agents in every part, and there is no line of sea-coast in the whole world which is not watched by one of its representatives. To the same end, many signal-stations are maintained by the Corporation which afford means of communication between the land and passing vessels. At the Royal Exchange are the offices of the Corporation, and the great room where underwriters carry on their business, which is principally, but not exclusively, concerned with marine insurance. There is hardly any kind of risk which cannot be guarded against by policies taken out with the underwriters of "Lloyd's," be it fire, deaths of prominent personages, wars, twins, or small-pox.

It should be emphasised that, while "Lloyd's Register" has itself nothing whatever to do directly with insurance of any kind, it is of great importance to an underwriter, when asked to insure a ship or the cargo to be carried on board her, to know all about the vessel on which he takes the risk. Especially he wants to know her age, her size, where she was built, who built her, of what material she is built, her owner's and her captain's names. If she is a steamer, he wants to know particulars of her engines and boilers, and a good many other details of a technical character. Perhaps, more than all, it is essential for him to have some trustworthy guide as to the structural strength of

the vessel and the state of efficiency in which she has been maintained. Obviously, an underwriter sitting in his box at "Lloyd's" or in the office of some Company cannot know all these particulars of the many thousands of vessels afloat on all seas on which he may be asked to take risks.

At least as early as 1760 the need had been felt by the shipping community of an authoritative record giving such particulars of ships as those just indicated for the information of the merchant desirous of securing a safe conveyance of his goods, or an underwriter about to "take a risk" on a vessel or her cargo. To meet this want, there was founded in 1760 a Society known as "The Register of Shipping." The "Register" was managed exclusively by underwriters. In 1799, the shipowners, who had at the time been aggrieved by the introduction of a new method of classification, established a rival registry. Neither institution prospered, the shipowners, who were the ruling power in one, and the underwriters, who controlled the other, being mutually distrustful. But it is not necessary to follow out in detail the story of the failure. Both as regards finances and public confidence the position became acute. An institution which should combine the diverse interests of the two sections was seen to be a necessity of marine business, and in 1834, by the voluntary action of the shipping community itself, "Lloyd's Register" was, after prolonged and heated discussions, called into existence by the amalgamation of the rival

bodies. In "Lloyd's Register," it may be truly said, is found the nearest approach to a perfect Merchant Shipping Council which Great Britain or any other country possesses. The Committee of the Society is composed of fifty-nine members, elected to represent, as far as possible in equal proportions, merchants, shipowners, and underwriters. Half the London representatives are elected by the Committee of "Lloyd's" and the other half by the Committee of the General Shipowners' Society. Throughout the other parts of the United Kingdom the elections are carried out by Chambers of Commerce, Shipowners' Societies, and Underwriters' Associations in all the principal shipping centres. In technical matters affecting the rules for the construction of ships and machinery, the Committee has

the advantage of the co-operation of a body of representatives of Shipbuilders and Engineers specially elected by the leading Technical Institutions of Great Britain.

"Lloyd's Register" has, moreover, been entrusted by Parliament with the duty of assigning maximum freeboards to vessels under certain approved tables. These tables were, it may be noted, originally elaborated in "Lloyd's Register" office. They were adopted with no change of principle and little in detail by a Royal Commission and finally placed on the Statute Book.

The various functions of the Society are carried out, under the direction of the Committee, by a staff of competent and trustworthy ship and engineer surveyors in all parts of the world.

The epitome of the Society's operations is found in "Lloyd's Register Book," an enormous annual publication of some two thousand three hundred pages. It is a distinctive characteristic of the Society that it is in no sense carried on with any purpose of pecuniary profit. The funds which arise from fees paid for the survey of vessels, for the testing of steel, &c., and from annual subscriptions for copies of the "Register Book," &c., are devoted, under the Committee's direction, exclusively to the maintenance of the operations of the Society; and, just as the establishment of the Society was due to a public need, it has still no other *raison d'être* than the public advantage.

The Secretaryship of "Lloyd's Register" has been filled since 1891 by Mr. A. G. Dryhurst, whose experience in the Society's service extends over nearly forty years.



NEW OFFICES OF "LLOYD'S REGISTER": THE VESTIBULE.

Photograph by Bolas and Co., Oxford Street, W.

"A 1 AT LLOYD'S."

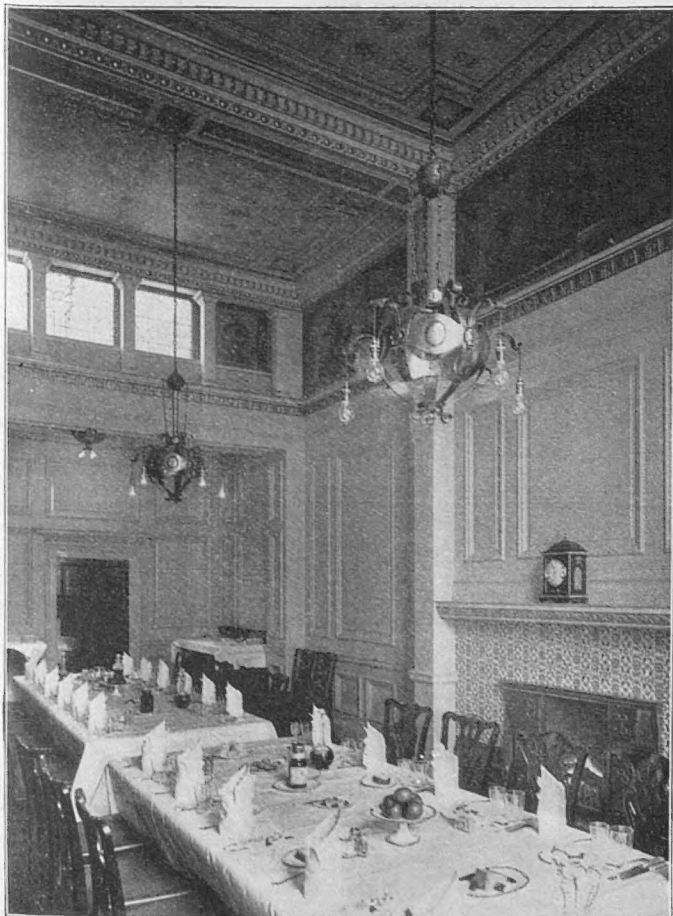
THE NEW OFFICES OF "LLOYD'S REGISTER," THE WORLD-FAMED SHIPPING HOUSE.



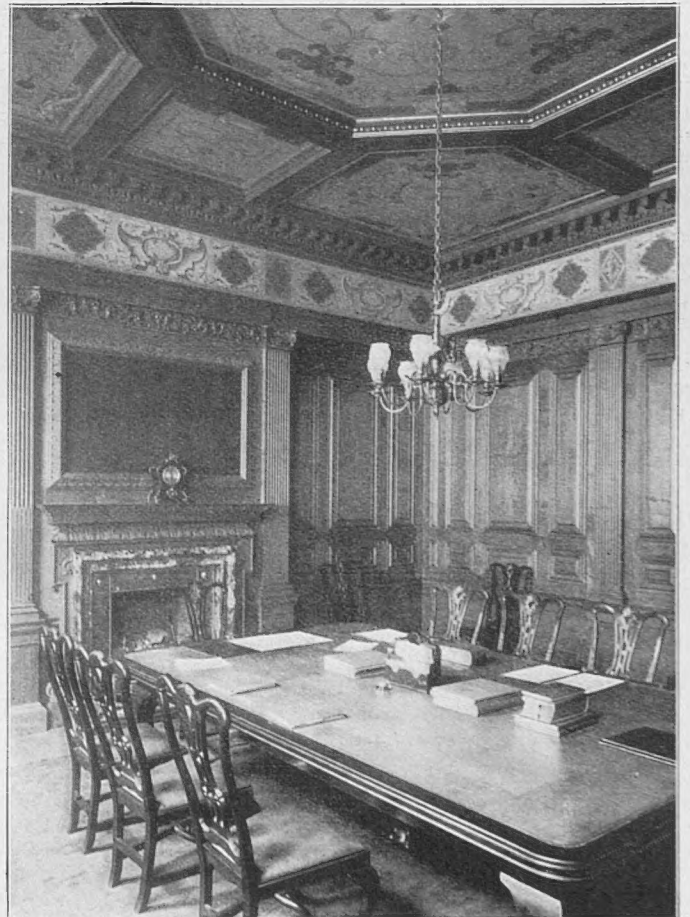
A VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR.



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MRS. TREE'S TRIPLE BILL.

MRS. TREE'S Triple Bill is a quaint mixture of ancient farce,
Madame Tussaudish kind of horror, and ultra-modern French
tragedy, and, if the items were as strong in execution as idea,
playgoers would have a prodigious evening, "instead of which" they
have a curious, interesting entertainment. Howls and hysterics
are said to have been heard at the Théâtre-Antoine when "Au
Téléphone" was played, but the *phlegme Anglais* asserted itself
at Wyndham's, and even smelling-salts did not seem to be in
great demand. Is it because we are more phlegmatic, or has the
anonymous adapter missed some of the horror of the idea of the
man who, listening at the telephone, hears sounds that indicate the
murder of his wife and child? Or was Mr. Charles Warner at
something less than his best? Frankly, it seems preferable that the
piece is less horrible than one would have expected, because, as it is,
one is interested and quite agreeably thrilled without getting a violent
shock which might ruin a night's slumber. It is not too horrible,
but just horrible enough. One would think that the merry old farce
with a new name should come between the two "bluggy" plays; but
Mrs. Tree (whose absence through illness on the opening-night of her
season was sincerely deplored) thought otherwise, and so we began with
the rattle of the Boyne—Mr. Leonard Boyne—as the impudent, penni-
less Irish adventurer who wins his way to a widow and a fortune. When
the title was changed from "His Last Legs" to "Irish Assurance"—
there is a bit of the new title in making such a change—a little
trimming and cutting might have been done. However, Mr. Boyne is
very clever and amusing and the piece goes very well. "Cæsar's Wife,"
of course, ought to be above suspicion, but I am not sure that M. Paul
Hervieu's piece, "L'Enigme," is much unlike the English version—
again the work of an anonymous adapter—for the programme is
strangely reticent. For "L'Enigme" has been hailed as a master-
piece; indeed, one journalist has said, "It will last as long as
Molière." Now, "Cæsar's Wife" does not seem likely to last as long
as Dumas *filis* or Augier, and yet it is interesting and occasionally
powerful, although the author has shirked the legitimate development of
his grim humour, which should have consisted in leaving the brothers
uncertain "who's which" to the end of the play. Of course, it is a very
tragic piece, and yet one could hardly suppress a smile when the brutal
brothers suddenly begin to ask one another, "Was it your wife or
mine?" Perhaps this was partly because those two excellent actors,
Mr. Charles Warner and Mr. Charles Fulton, were, not very wisely,
chosen to represent the ferocious French husbands. Whilst one would
like to have seen Mrs. Tree as the wicked Léonore, one asks nothing
better than the powerful acting of Miss Lena Ashwell, and in most
useful contrast to her quiet, powerful style was the effective work of
Miss Fay Davis. Mr. Leonard Boyne acted admirably as the lover
who has to shoot himself as the result of a "flirtation."

THE LATE EARL OF PERTH.

George Drummond, fourteenth Earl of Perth and sixth of Melfort,
who died at The Cottage, Kew, on Friday last, was the bearer of
many distinguished titles, those of Thane of Lennox and Hereditary
Steward of Monteith and Strathearn having an air about them of
remote antiquity. Educated in France and Scotland, the late Peer,
who was well advanced in his ninety-fifth year, joined the 93rd Suther-
land Highlanders in 1824. He succeeded his uncle in the French
titles in 1840, and in the following year established before French
tribuna his right of succession to certain French honours. Through
special recommendation of Queen Victoria, by an Act of Parliament
unanimously passed by both Houses in 1853, the Scottish Earldoms of
Perth and Melfort were restored to the late Peer. In the 'fifties of
last century the Earl of Perth was Major of the Victoria (Middlesex)
Rifles, and he took an active part in the early organisation of
Volunteer Corps.

The Earl of Perth is succeeded in the Earldom of Melfort and the
French titles by his only surviving child, Lady Drummond. In the
Barony of Drummond he is succeeded by a kinsman, William Huntly
Drummond, Viscount Strathallan, who, after being served heir, will
succeed to the Earldom of Perth. Unlike most members of the British
Peerage, the late Earl owned no landed property, and for many years
past he spent the greater part of the year at Kew, where his venerable
figure will for long be missed. Viscount Strathallan, who is a
Lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion Black Watch, is in his thirty-first year
and is the owner of over seven thousand acres in Perthshire.

Mr. Curzon, who has just secured one of Mr. Wyndham's theatres
to add to his other four, has already chosen "The Ladies' Paradise,"
written by Mr. Georges Dance and composed by Mr. Ivan Caryll, for
his next new production at the Strand—or, as it will be then, the
New Strand.

"The Girl from Maxim's," Messrs. Wyndham and Frohman's
latest combination piece for the Criterion, has just started active
rehearsal for production about Easter. It may interest collectors of
theatrical records to note that that excellent actor, Mr. Herbert
Standing, who has been engaged for the part of the doughty but
dismayed Captain in this somewhat saucy piece, thus starts his
twenty-fifth year at that theatre, and he is still young and jolly.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*The Queen's Malt
and the King's
Brew.*

In days to come, the King's brew, we may be sure, will be very reverently drunk at Burton-on-Trent. The contents of the vat holding the King's brew will, when matured, be, according to those who should know, the strongest ale ever brewed at Burton, and not a drop of the four hundred barrels containing the precious liquid will be touched for twenty years, except for the purpose of testing. By a curious coincidence, while the King was brewing good British ale, Her Majesty the Queen was despatching to South Africa ten thousand bottles of Danish malt-extract presented to Her Majesty by a great firm of Copenhagen brewers, in the hope that she would be thus able to benefit the King's brave soldiers now at "the Front." Each bottle of the malt-extract had attached to it a card bearing the words, "With the Queen's wishes for your safe return and good recovery."

It is said that the most important social entertainment given during Coronation Week is to be a ball at Devonshire House. It will be remembered that the Duchess of Devonshire's Fancy-Dress Ball was the greatest affair of the kind given during the Diamond Jubilee Season. People are wondering what is the official costume of the Mistress of the Robes. As an actual fact, I believe the lady occupying that high position is simply entitled to wear her Peeress's robes, whatever they may be. Those worn by the lovely Duchess of Sutherland, who was in attendance on Queen Victoria during her Coronation Day, are still in existence, and will be, it is said, worn at the forthcoming Coronation by the beautiful Duchess's grand-daughter, Lady Ormonde. They are particularly interesting as being the only Peeress's robes in existence which are embellished with very splendid gold and silver embroideries.

Royalty has often been entertained at Badminton, but the present is the first Royal house-party given by the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort since the Duke's succession to the title. Badminton is a name familiar to every lover of sport. It used to be said of the late Duke that no Englishman knew more about racehorses and horse-racing than he did, and his knowledge of fox-hunting was quite as extensive. Nowadays, there is something strange in the thought that the Badminton Hunt was known to our forefathers exclusively from the stag-hunting point of view. Badminton House stands in a park of nearly a thousand acres in extent, and some four years ago it was reckoned that the herds of red and fallow deer numbered nearly two thousand. The beautiful old house is over three hundred years old, and contains some wonderful art-treasures, including a fine collection of Lelys and one of the best Vandycks of Charles I. A Royal relic full of melancholy interest always specially cherished at Badminton is the fine lawn shirt worn by Charles I. on the day of his execution.

*Horse and Hound
at Badminton.*

The kennels and stables at Badminton are justly famed; the latter lie west of the house and comprise sixty-two boxes and twenty stalls; they are all built of solid oak grown on the estate, and it rarely happens that one of them is unoccupied. The kennels were planned on an equally magnificent scale, the hounds numbering eighty couples and being divided into three packs—the "Dog Pack," the "Lady Pack," and the "Mixed Pack." Each, at this time of year, come out five days a-week, the Duke himself always hunting the "Dog Pack." Few "M.F.H.'s" hunt over such a large area, reaching from Tetbury on the one side and Westbury on the other, while on the west is Sodbury Vale, famed among all good sportsmen as containing some of the best hunting country in the world.

The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort are essentially the right people in the right place. The Duke is a first-rate all-round sportsman, and as for his sweet-faced Duchess, though very feminine in appearance, she is one of the most intrepid sportswomen in the three Kingdoms and she is always in the first flight when hounds are running. There are few prettier sights and one more calculated to rejoice a good sportsman than that of a Lawn Meet at Badminton House, and much gratification has been felt in the neighbourhood at the news that one of these noted gatherings is to be held in honour of the Royal visit. It is to be hoped that their Royal Highnesses, if themselves hunting, will enjoy as good a run as was that which fate provided for King Edward, who, as Prince of Wales, paid a memorable visit to the then Duke of Beaufort and came in for one of the best runs of that season.

The young Marchioness of Dufferin is an interesting addition to the group of fair American women who, while of Republican birth, may yet bear the proud title of British Peeresses. Lady Dufferin, who is still on the right side of

thirty, was before her marriage well known in Anglo- and American-French Society as Miss Flora Davis, the pretty and accomplished daughter of a distinguished American. Her marriage to the then Lord Terence Blackwood took place in the Gay City, at the time when the late Lord Dufferin was British Ambassador, and the marriage brought together a unique number of notabilities. Lord Terence succeeded his gallant brother, Lord Ava, as heir to the family honours, but he elected to be known as Lord Clandeboye, and it is as Lady Clandeboye that the new Lady Dufferin has now taken for some time an important place in London Society. She will be the only American Marchioness at the Coronation.

The new Pocket Edition of Tolstoi which is to be issued by the Free Age Press is, I hear, to commence with a new work entitled "What is Religion?" the manuscript of which has just been received.



THE NEW MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

Photograph by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.

Their Majesties and Devonport.

It is hardly too much to say that all Devon is awaiting with eager expectation the coming of their Majesties to Devonport to launch the battleship *Queen* next Friday. The Royal Yacht—which will be the home of the King and Queen during their stay—will be moored alongside the Dockyard, and the *Enchantress*, with the Lords of the Admiralty aboard, will be in close attendance. Besides launching the *Queen*, the foundation-stone of the new Britannia Cadet College at Dartmouth is to be laid, and, as their Majesties are to prolong their stay over the Sunday, it is hoped to arrange for the King to lay a portion of the keel-plate of the new battleship which is to take the place of the *Queen* on the building-slip. This new Leviathan is, appropriately enough, the *King Edward VII.* Then, too, His Majesty is to distribute the China medals at the Royal Naval Barracks and to reward brave Chief Stoker Paffett for his gallantry in connection with the boiler explosion on the *Daring* by presenting him with the Albert Medal. Lieutenant-General Sir William Butler will take charge of the military arrangements, and Admiral Lord Charles Scott, the Naval Commander-in-Chief, will do the honours for his branch of the Service. Vice-Admiral T. Sturges Jackson, as Superintendent of the Dockyard, is to be responsible for the general arrangements in connection with the launch, and will be assisted by the popular Chief Constructor, Mr. H. R. Champness.

The Marchioness of Ormonde.

Of Marchionesses at the Coronation there will not be a large number, for the fine, old-fashioned title of Marquis is nowadays rarely bestowed by the Sovereign. Among the Marchionesses, the most stately representative of her order will be Lady Ormonde, the beautiful elder daughter of the late Duke of Westminster and the mother of two very popular heiresses, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, whose marriage to the gallant and popular soldier aroused so much interest last year, and Lady Constance Butler. Lord and Lady Ormonde spend a great deal of their time at their Irish home, Kilkenny Castle, though they own a charming house in London. They are both exceedingly fond of



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BUTLER, COMMANDING THE WESTERN DISTRICT, WHO WILL TAKE A PROMINENT PART IN THE RECEPTION OF THE KING AND QUEEN AT DEVONPORT.

Photograph by Russell, Southsea.

yachting, and Lady Ormonde has had few pleasanter experiences than her journey to South Africa, when she accompanied her sisters, Lady Chesham and the Duchess of Teck, shortly after the outbreak of the South African War. Her stay there was naturally clouded by great anxiety about various nephews and other relatives, and she felt deeply the death of her favourite nephew, Lord and Lady Chesham's gallant young son.

Dorchester House.

Dorchester House, Park Lane, which Captain Holford, a well-known member of the King's Household, and formerly Equerry to his Sovereign when Prince of Wales, has placed at the King's disposal for the Coronation festivities, is one of the London mansions that possess quite unique attractions.

Erected in the early 'fifties of last century, from designs by Mr. Lewis Vulliamy, its salon contains the wonderful marble mantelpiece by Alfred Stevens. Nowhere, it has been said, "can be found figures more lithe and strong and beautiful than those which on right and left support the mantelpiece and, snow-white, with bended heads, emerge from their surrounding of white marble." The cleverly arranged staircase and the canopied sideboard are the work of Stevens,

who made many designs for decorating the dining-room ceiling with historical subjects, but this work was never carried out. Distinguished guests at Dorchester House will miss the fine Hobbema purchased a short time ago by Mr. Pierpont Morgan for £15,000; but the eye will, nevertheless, be gratified by the many fine pictures, conspicuous among which are the fine "Columbus" of David Wilkie and examples of Velasquez and Rembrandt, which still decorate the walls.

Lord Dartmouth.

The Earl of Dartmouth, whose son came of age last Saturday, is an exceptional amateur actor and would have made his fortune on the stage. Some excellent theatricals used to be given at Patshull,

his fine seat on the borders of Shropshire, the huge baronial hall being transformed into an impromptu theatre. Lord Lewisham, as he was then, was quite the life and soul of those entertainments. Patshull is a splendid place, in the Italian style, and abounds with beautiful terraces. The interior is centred by the large hall already mentioned, and off this there are numerous small rooms with low ceilings, filled with treasures and curios of all kinds. Cricket is a very popular pastime with Lord Dartmouth and his sons, and numerous matches take place during the season in the grounds of Patshull. A few years ago, Lord Dartmouth built a large swimming-bath and a water-chute, which is often the cause of infinite amusement to his guests.

The fortunes of the family were founded by the commercial integrity and patriotism of Thomas Legge, who served the office of Sheriff of the City of London in the year 1343, and was subsequently twice Lord Mayor. He lent Edward III. three hundred pounds—a great sum in those days—towards prosecuting the war with France. It does not appear, however, that the worthy Alderman was even knighted for his pains, and it was not until the year 1682 that his descendant, an Admiral of eminence, was ennobled. He demolished Tangier and was granted ten thousand pounds—an altogether different story to that of his more pacific forefather. Queen Anne advanced his son to an Earldom. The present Peer was Vice-Chamberlain of Her late Majesty's Household and a Lord-in-Waiting. His wife is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Leicester and a sister of the Countess of Dunmore. She is one of seven sisters, six of whom are married to members of the Upper House, four of them being Countesses, another the wife of a Viscount, and another the wife of a Baron; the other sister, who married Colonel Manningham-Buller, died in 1876.

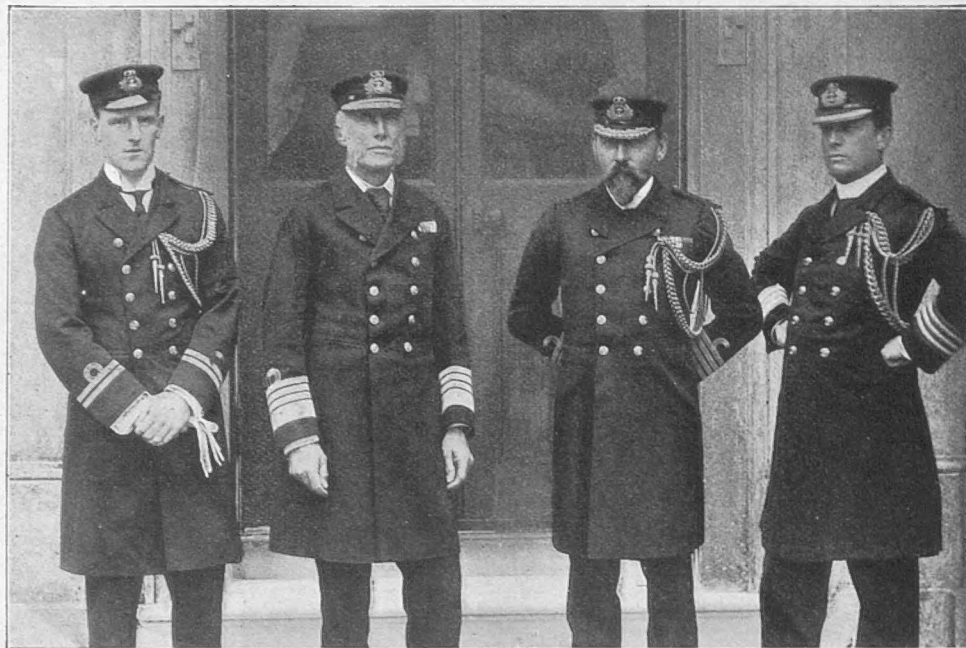


VICE-ADMIRAL T. S. JACKSON, ADMIRAL-SUPERINTENDENT OF DEVONPORT DOCKYARD, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "QUEEN."

Photograph by Russell, Southsea.

Flag-Secretary W. Le G. Pullen.

Flag-Lieutenant Hon. Lionel Lambart.



Admiral Lord Charles Scott. Flag-Captain Sir Richard Poore, Bart.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND STAFF AT DEVONPORT, WHO WILL RECEIVE THE KING AND QUEEN ON FRIDAY NEXT.

Photograph by Russell, Southsea.

Barcelona the Beautiful.

Comparatively few English travellers pass by Barcelona the Beautiful, and yet the Spanish town which has just been the scene of so serious a riot, not to say insurrection, is one of the most delightful places in Europe, famed for the beauty of its women, and full of interesting historic associations. It is said that through the strike the town will lose close on half-a-million sterling—no light matter for a Spanish Municipality. The seriousness of the Barcelona riots cannot be overestimated when it is remembered that Spain, like this more fortunate country, is now on the eve of her Sovereign's solemn Coronation.

The Kaiser as Art Patron.

The German Emperor has just ordered a magnificent picture for his Royal Castle in Berlin (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent in that city) from the well-known Professor Röchler. The title of the painting is "Germans to the Front." The scene depicted is most graphic. Lines of English and American troops are depicted cheering lustily while the German contingent, to the number of some five hundred men, rush up at the double in answer to Lord Seymour's call for assistance at the storming of the Hsiku Forts. In the background a lurid glare of burning Chinese villages acts as a contrast to the smart uniforms of the Germans under Captain von Usedom. The River Peiho is portrayed all choked with Chinese junks bearing wounded men and piles of baggage. The artist obtained the necessary details for his picture from no less an authority than Captain von Usedom himself. The Kaiser intends hanging the picture in the Star Chamber.

The Emperor is always finding some means of unobtrusively but none the less pleasingly helping the cause of art in his country.



THE SPANISH TROUBLES: THE GREAT MASS-MEETING AT ONTENIENTE, AT WHICH EX-MINISTER CANALEJAS ATTACKED THE POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT AND DEMANDED HOME RULE FOR CATALONIA.

Photograph by Gribayédoff, Paris.

His Majesty ordered only the other day a very costly silver bowl for Professor Leuthold, one of the most celebrated German Army doctors, who has just completed his seventieth birthday. The Düsseldorf Exhibition, too, the Emperor is showing great interest in already; by his orders, a reproduction of the tomb of the Palatine Count Heinrich at Maria-Laach has just been sent to the Exhibition. His Majesty has also sent large photographs of the most noted monuments of Western Germany; they are intended especially for the historic-artistic department of the Exhibition. Nor does His Majesty forget the humblest of his subjects. Quite recently, the Kaiser sent to an old lady at Altona who had just completed her hundredth year a present of a handsome silver cup; the old dame's name is Krüger—a very common name in Germany.

The New Berlin Elevated Railway.

The new electric-railway in Berlin has been running only a few days and yet has already claimed a victim. He died a hero's death and acts as a solemn warning to all passengers to observe and obey the notices set up by the authorities. Careless of the instructions, printed and verbal, he foolishly attempted to cross the lines; the strong 750-volt electric current proved more than he could bear—life became extinct the moment the dangerous connecting-line was touched. The victim in question was a little dachshund. Talking of the new line, a good question was asked the other day by one of the passengers who was trying to catch out his friends by asking all sorts of amusing questions. He asked his fellow-travellers what days of the week they could think of to the number of five which could be spelt without the letter "a." Of course, all days of the week end in German with the word "Tag," or "day." All gave the puzzle up. The answer is ingenious and is: "Vorgestern, Gestern, Huete, Morgen, Uebermorgen" (in English, "The day before yesterday, yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, the day after to-morrow").

The German Empress's Sister to the Rescue!

Princess Frederick Leopold of Prussia, who lives at Klein-Glienicke, near Potsdam, and who is a great adept at skating, as, indeed, at all forms of sport, and especially tennis, was attracted lately by cries for help while out skating on the River Havel. Her Royal Highness hurried as fast as she could to the scene, and there found



THE SPANISH TROUBLES: TROOPS PATROLLING THE STREETS OF BARCELONA.

Photograph by Gribayédoff, Paris.

three young villagers struggling in the water at a place that had been specially marked as dangerous by the police. Her Royal Highness immediately informed the sailors at the sailor-station near by, and a boat was forthwith launched; the ice, however, though too thin for skating, was too thick for a boat to break through with rapidity, and before the eldest lad could be reached he was drowned. The other two were saved with the help of ladders. It is interesting to note that this spot was nearly the same as that where Her Royal Highness fell through some time ago when skating with her Lady-in-Waiting. It will be remembered that all sorts of absurd stories were circulated at the time anent this accident. It is needless to say that they were all absolutely and entirely devoid of foundation.

Her Royal Highness skated a few days ago as far as Brandenburg, which is about twenty-five miles from Potsdam, between breakfast and lunch. The children, Princess Margareta, Prince Fritz, and Prince Fritz Karl, all skate well already, and even the little son of six gets along splendidly. Tobogganing and ski-ing, too, is their delight in this snowy weather, to say nothing of the lesser attractions of sliding and snow-balling.

English Music in Berlin.

Mr. E. Howard Jones, a pupil of the celebrated d'Albert, gave a concert in one of the largest Berlin halls a few days ago (adds my Berlin Correspondent). The audience, consisting of, among others, many well-known German lovers of music in Berlin, were delighted with the playing, which consisted chiefly of selections from Brahms, Tschaiikowsky, Bach, d'Albert, and Chopin. The German critics, who are ever sparing with their praise, and, above all, not over-appreciative of the performances of English artists, spoke in high terms of the performance. Mr. Jones is going back now to London, where he will give several concerts in the near future. If he reaps such golden opinions of his playing there as he has in Berlin, he may indeed rest well content with his endeavours.



THE SPANISH TROUBLES: AGITATORS HOLDING MEETINGS NEAR BARCELONA.

Photograph by Gribayédoff, Paris.

The Dublin Fusiliers.

Although the Regular Battalions of the brave Dublin Fusiliers are apparently not to enjoy the hearty welcome of their fellow-countrymen for some time to come, at all events, as the 1st Battalion is still at "the Front" and the hard-fighting one-time Royal Bombay Fusiliers have been moved to Aden, the arrival home last week of the 5th (Militia) Battalion caused a great deal of excitement both at Queenstown and Dublin. Under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Finlay, the gallant Fusiliers have been in South Africa for the last two years, and the splendid services they rendered there won them an enthusiastic send-off on their departure. The streets of Dublin were crowded with spectators as the men marched through the city to the Marshalsea Barracks, and they received a thoroughly Irish welcome. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, welcomed the battalion at Ballsbridge and distributed the well-won medals for the campaign. An interesting incident was the presentation to the Duke of Sergeant Dunn, the father of the little bugler-hero of Colenso. The popular Lord-Lieutenant, Earl Cadogan, was, unfortunately, prevented from being present, but he sent a cordial message of greeting, which was read by Colonel Finlay to the officers and men.

"C.-B.'s" "A lonely fur-
Tabernacle. row; spade-
work; a clean
slate" — these were Lord Rosebery's metaphors. All represented moods of the moment. Then Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman dropped into metaphor. He did not think of ploughed fields or intrenchments or schools. His metaphor was priest-like. "Do you belong to my tabernacle or do you speak from the outside?" he said in effect to Lord Rosebery, and the noble Earl, being a sensitive man, promptly replied, "I remain outside." But who made "C.-B." Chief Rabbi? There are more tabernacles than one in the Liberal Party, and Sir Henry's right to question the faith of all the preachers is not admitted.

On the Cross-Benches. The Prime Minister has been greatly interested by the spectacle of Lord Rosebery on the cross-benches. Sometimes he sits there, but he prefers his corner at the gangway on the Liberal side. Prophets are busily reading his future. A few predict that Lord Rosebery will become Foreign Secretary in a Chamberlain Administration; others imagine a Rosebery Administration with Mr. Chamberlain as Leader in the House of Commons. Meantime, the one remains a Liberal (Imperialist), while the other is a (Liberal) Unionist. Their enemies have periodically proved that both were played-out. Yet they persist in keeping to the front and in providing the public with excitement. Wherever Lord Rosebery may sit in the House of Lords, his Liberal League is likely to bind many people in the country to his cause.

A Metaphysical Minister. Everybody likes Mr. Gerald Balfour. He is almost as amiable as his brother, and he is quite as metaphysical. There is a small Society to which he belongs—the Synthetic—and his speeches there are greatly admired, even by political opponents. He is thoughtful and he means well. Unfortunately, he is a little too much of a doctrinaire for the House of Commons, and while he thinks of convincing, other members think of voting. Thus it happened that he brought on the

Government their first defeat of the Session. Mr. Gerald Balfour was prepared to practically agree to the order for a return of excessive hours worked by railway servants, but, as he spoke till the stroke of midnight, he could not submit his own amendment, and he divided the House against the motion, with the result that he placed the Government in a minority of seven. His brother read the news of the defeat while confined by influenza to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's house at Leighton Buzzard.

The Countess of Arran.

The Countess of Arran is step-mother to three of the most accomplished and remarkable women in Society, Lady Cranborne, Lady Airlie, and Lady Esther Smith. At the time of her marriage to the then widowed Earl, she was herself the widowed sister-in-law of Lord Courtown and the intimate friend and Lady-in-Waiting of Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. She had been left a widow with a two-year-old little daughter, and her re-marriage took place four years later. Lady Arran, who takes the greatest interest in everything that concerns the home industries of her native country, has also a daughter by her second marriage, Lady Winifred Gore, who is now ten years old and is the contemporary in point of age of several of her own nephews and nieces, notably of the children of Lady Airlie and Lady Cranborne.

An Interesting Engagement. The news of the engagement of Miss Flora Shaw, who was for so many years the *Times* Colonial Specialist, and who figured, it will be remembered, among the witnesses in the Royal Commission held in connection with the Jameson Raid, has aroused much interest in general, in political, and in literary society. The future bridegroom is as distinguished in his own line as is the bride-elect. He is General Sir Frederick Lugard, and has now been for two years High Commissioner of Northern Nigeria. He won his "D.S.O." in the Burmah Campaign some sixteen years ago. Sir Frederick is a noted big-game hunter, and when in England spends his brief holidays in his delightful country quarters at Haslemere. It is said that the marriage will take place at the Canary Islands, as Sir Frederick cannot leave Northern Nigeria to look after itself for more than a very short time.

I am delighted to see that Mr. D. S. Meldrum, the author of that charming book, "The Story of Margrédel," has finished a new novel, "The Conquest of Charlotte." Mr. Meldrum's delicate work is always welcome, and it is quite a long time since we had the pleasure of reading a new work of fiction from his pen.

Chevalier Bach.

The late Leonhard Emil Bach, generally known in this country as the Chevalier Bach, deserved his title apart from his very considerable merits as an artist, composer, and teacher, not only on account of the decorations he possessed from many European and other Courts (Prussia, Italy, France, Persia), but also for his courtly manners, his generous and genial nature, and his many deeds of help and friendship for his pupils and fellow-artists. He was a man of great ambition, ceaseless energy and industry. As a writer of graceful and fanciful, spirited and warm-hearted music, he met with most success with



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY EARL CADOGAN IN VICEREGAL UNIFORM.

Photographed by Command by Lafayette, Dublin.

compositions for his own instrument, the pianoforte; but he wrote effective and well-wrought works for most solo instruments, a quartet for the orchestra, a symphony, symphonic variations, &c., and a great number of songs. Sir Augustus Harris, whom he counted among his intimate friends, brought out Bach's operas, "Irmingarda" and "The Lady of Longford," at Covent Garden, the libretto of the latter being by Sir Augustus and Mr. Weatherly. In a German version by Mr. C. Carlyle, the opera was given several times in Breslau, Prague, and latterly in Hamburg.

The Lady and the Python. Mrs. Arthur Cadogan, the clever sister-

in-law of the Viceroy of Ireland, is one of the very few lovers of animals who have ever made a pet of a python. There have always been individuals, especially members of the fair sex, who have exercised a curious fascination over snakes, perhaps one secret of their power being their absolute fearlessness. Mrs. Cadogan's python is nine feet long, and, though showing a great dislike to strangers, is devoted to his own mistress. Many well-known people make a point of having peculiar pets, but it may be said with very little fear of contradiction that in this matter Mrs. Arthur Cadogan holds a record, at any rate so far as Englishwomen are concerned.

Our Popular Bishop.

The subject of a well-deserved eulogy in *The Sketch* when he was appointed Lord Bishop of London, Dr. Ingram has not abated a jot of his personal interest in the East-End poor, or in any of the benevolent institutions which do so much to ameliorate the suffering and distressed in this great City. Proof of this was afforded on Wednesday last. Notwithstanding his many engrossing duties, which have deepened the lines in his thin, ascetic face, the Right Rev. Prelate found time to visit the Middlesex Hospital and to deliver in the beautiful little chapel the third of the series of Lenten Addresses to the Medical Students, arranged by the zealous and earnest Chaplain of that admirably managed Hospital, the Rev. Herbert E. Gunson, M.A. With his usual persuasive accents, the Bishop spoke as a brother to his attentive congregation, and aptly referred to his experiences of the



THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR CADOGAN AND HER PET PYTHON.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Brompton Square, S.W.

London Hospital and to the help he obtained in his philanthropic mission-work at the East-End from the students there. His counsel clearly went home to the goodly company of students he was addressing, young men who, with the precept and practice before them of one or more of the most skilful surgeons of the period, will probably be among some of the cleverest practitioners of the immediate future. I observed that one of the most deeply touched of the Bishop's listeners was Sir Squire Bancroft, who has, by his moving recital of Charles Dickens's "Christmas Carol," materially benefited many noble institutions like the Middlesex Hospital, whose most efficient and devoted staff is surely unsurpassed. The Bishop of London lunched in the Students' dining-room in the spacious Residential College attached to the Hospital, and among those who welcomed his Lordship were the Right Hon. Sir Ralph Thompson, K.C.B., Colonel the Hon. C. G. Gathorne-Hardy, and Colonel Needham. It should be added that His Majesty the King when Prince of Wales greatly interested himself in the excellent Cancer Wards of the Middlesex Hospital, having taken the chair at a public dinner in aid of the funds, and having appealed to the charitable on their behalf with characteristic earnestness.

Saturday Popular Concerts.

The Saturday Popular Concert on March 1

opened with Beethoven's Quartet in E-Minor, Op. 59, No. 2, a lovely work for strings, performed by MM. Tivadar Nachez, Inwards, Gibson, and Carl Fuchs. Miss Evelyn Stuart (not "Stuart," as she is frequently called) was the pianist, and her solos were "Des Abends," by Schumann; "Arietta," by Leonardo Leo; and Rubinstein's Study in C-Major. Miss Stuart took part in a new quintet by Baron d'Erlanger, who is better known as an opera-composer. M. Carl Fuchs played violoncello solos. The vocalist was Mr. Joseph O'Mara, who sang "Dalla sua pace," from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," and a new cycle of five Greek love-songs, called "Cameos," by Madame Liza Lehmann, accompanied by the composer. Baron d'Erlanger has had two operas produced. The one heard at Covent Garden contained some very pretty music. His quintet has also great merit.



H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. Earl Cadogan. Prince Arthur of Connaught.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, AND HIS EXCELLENCY EARL CADOGAN AND VICEREGAL HOUSEHOLD.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

*Professional
Etiquette.*

The rigours of etiquette are obdurate and austere. If sometimes incomprehensible to the crowd, they are mostly obeyed by the wise. The rules and regulations which govern professional men among themselves are naturally less known to people of other pursuits, but their rule to those concerned is no less a reign of terrorism. A curious instance of this is to be found amongst gentlemen of the Bar in the simple matter of a brief. The Philistine imagines that the chief and only difficulty lies in the securing of a brief. To some, there may, perhaps, arise the secondary difficulty of mastering it. This is by no means so: there still remains the question of carrying it. A certain stuff-gownsmen may daily be observed bearing an armful of papers from his chambers to the Court, and the more he has, the better he likes it. Not so with the King's Counsel, the exalted wearer of silk. Etiquette forbids him to compromise his rank by himself carrying either brief or book. These must be taken down to his place in Court by his clerk. The stringency of this unwritten law not seldom leads to difficulties. I remember (writes a correspondent) seeing a learned leader, whose case was about to be called on, when he discovered that his brief had been left at the other end of the bench. He dared not get it himself, nor could he ask another leader to hand it to him. His frantic efforts to attract the attention of an absent-minded beggar of a small boy were pitiable. Ultimately, the situation was saved by a compassionate junior in the row behind, who courteously passed the brief to its grateful owner.

*'The White Wings
Brigade.'*

New York is likely to live in future ages as the modern Babylon. There, we are always told, the extremes of luxury and misery meet. Recently, the luxurious "Four Hundred" who compose New York Society had the pleasure of seeing the broad streets in front of their palaces swept



THE RECENT GREAT SNOW-FALL IN NEW YORK: "THE WHITE WINGS BRIGADE" CLEARING THE STREETS IN THE WEALTHY QUARTER.

Photograph by Gribayédoff, Paris.

clear of snow by the band who style themselves by the pretty name of "The White Wings Brigade." These snow-sweepers are clad in white from head to foot, and there are few urban sights more picturesque than that of a New York thoroughfare being swept clear by "The White Wings Brigade." As a study in white, the scene would commend itself to any artist, and who knows but what Mr. Whistler may some day immortalise this phase of New York luxury?

*The Shakspeare of
France.*

Victor Hugo has been styled by some of his admirers the Shakspeare of France, and his is certainly the most fertile genius produced by La Belle France during the last century. The great poet's centenary has just been celebrated with extraordinary enthusiasm. The proceedings were opened by a great reception given at the Hôtel de Ville, or French Mansion House, the foreign delegates who have come to do honour to the author of "Les Misérables" being specially honoured. Then the following day came the apotheosis of Hugo in the shape of an official assembly at the Panthéon, and the solemn unveiling on the Place Victor Hugo of the fine statue which Paris has raised to her literary hero. The theatres gave performances of his more famous plays, and last, not least, the Arc de Triomphe was illuminated in the evening.

A Welsh composer of considerable merit is Dr. Joseph Parry, and he is now engaged on an opera to be produced at Cardiff next Christmas.

*A Welcome Addition
to the Upper House.*

The new Earl Fitzwilliam, who has just succeeded his remarkable old grandfather, is, notwithstanding his youth, one of the very few Peers who have read their own obituary notice, for by some confusion he was once said to have been killed while hunting. He is a very good-looking and popular man, and he will be a really valuable addition to the Upper House, for he has been in Parliament altogether seven years, and early in the South African War won the signal distinction of the "D.S.O." He has found time to put in a good deal of travelling and is said to be an expert on mining engineering. He and his pretty wife, once Lady Maud Dundas, the daughter of Lord and Lady Zetland, are very popular in the neighbourhood of their Irish home, Carnew Castle, where, indeed, it is much feared that he will now spend more time than has hitherto been the case in England.



VISCOUNT MILTON, D.S.O., WHO SUCCEEDS HIS GRANDFATHER AS EARL FITZWILLIAM.

Photograph by Dickinson, New Bond Street, W.

The death of the late Earl Fitzwilliam releases a Garter. The late Peer was the oldest in the date of appointment of the Knights of that great Order, and at the time he was created he was only the third non-Royal Knight, the two others being the then Earl Spencer and Earl Cowper. At the present time, the oldest non-Royal Knight is the Duke of Richmond, who obtained the much-coveted distinction in 1867. Speculations are rife as to who will be the next Knight of the Garter.

Mendelssohn's "Antigone" is to be performed at Bristol. It is a splendid work, full of exquisite melody yet dramatic in expression. Mendelssohn wrote it in 1841, at Berlin, by desire of the King of Prussia, who was a great admirer of the old legend. The chorus "Orb of Helios" is as fine as anything Mendelssohn ever composed.

On Wednesday last, the St. James's Hall Ballad Concert was given with great success, the vocalists being Madame Alice Esty, Madame Hortense Paulsen, Miss Elsie Southgate, Mr. Ben Davies (who sang "Salve Dimora," with violin obligato by M. Johannes Wolff), Mr. Denham Price, and Mr. Maurice Farkoa (who very comically gave "The Honeysuckle and the Bee" in French). Miss Lilian Eldée gave a new musical monologue called "The Eternal Feminine," by Madame Liza Lehmann, who accompanied. Madame Alice Gomez also sang. The concert was brilliantly successful.



THE VICTOR HUGO CENTENARY: LA PLACE VICTOR HUGO, PARIS, SHOWING THE STATUE OF THE CELEBRATED WRITER.

Photograph by Gribayédoff, Paris.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*The Dangerous
Servant.*

There is joy among householders in Paris (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). A wealthy American dentist went to a registry-office and, on its recommendation, employed a servant. What was not nailed to the floor that girl took away forty-eight hours afterwards. The loss was assessed, and the Courts, for the first time on record, have decided that the registry-office is responsible for the character of every servant recommended, and, moreover, ordered the value of the stolen goods to be refunded.

American Jockeys.

There promises to be a positive invasion of American jockeys this year. If what I hear from Chantilly be true, Watkins is about the only crack who will have the first mount. Some of the jockeys who only a few years ago were regarded as being in the front rank are, I am sorry to say, now driven to live by expedients. Most of the out-of-work flat-racing men contemplate taking to hurdle-racing, which, Captain Coe would point out, is not easy.

Quite recently, Pierre Veber wrote a play, and on the following morning published his appreciation of it in a morning journal. He admitted that he had seen bad plays, but rarely one worse than his own. Three nights, and it was all over. Georges Feydeau, the joyous writer of vaudevilles, was induced by the Management of the Gaité to write the libretto for a comic opera, and he accepted the offer when he was promised that Madame Lambrecht would appear in the principal rôle. Before the curtain went up, he frankly said, "That is the first and last connection I shall ever have with comic opera." The piece was a dead failure, and nobody seemed less concerned than Feydeau. I have reason to believe that, on the very eve of the production, an offer of 500,000 francs was made to the Director of the Theatre for his lease. He replied, "I shall make a million with 'Le Billet de Josephine.'" I am afraid that he will not. The music of Kaiser is very pleasing, and the young composer will be heard of again.

Santos-Dumont.

If it is possible to muddle up anything, Henri Rochefort can always have that delicate attention allotted to him. He picked up Santos-Dumont, though goodness only knows why, as the famous polemist cares for nothing in the way of sport where there is no betting. He was always down at St. Cloud with Madame Rochefort for the Eiffel Tower experiments; but he overdid it when he opened the columns of *L'Intransigeant* for a subscription for Dumont. Santos has risen in his wrath, and I question whether he will ever again experiment in France.

Ware Costumiers.

The life of the Paris costumier promises to become gay. The young and pretty and photographed of Lutetia hop out of their carriages, enter the most famous houses in the Rue de la Paix and the Rue Royale, order, and are bowed out. When the bill comes in, they refuse to pay, on account of excessive charges. Almost without going into the merits of the case, the Paris Juries have decided to knock off twenty per cent., and honest, ready-money customers have to pay a bigger price, as everything has been put up accordingly.

Vignaux.

What John Roberts is to English billiards was Vignaux to France—*facile princeps*, Master, King—and great was the gloom that lay over his admirers when they saw him successively beaten by Curé at the great tournament at the Grand Hôtel. Vignaux, who had thirty years of reputation to his credit, was very much cut up, but he contented himself with the reflection that when the younger Champion arrived at his age he would not be able to lie half-way across the table in order to make a stroke. By the way, Tod Sloan is playing friendly games nightly with the great Schäfer.

Victor Hugo.

It is a great tribute to an artistic country the way in which the centenary of the birth of Victor Hugo was celebrated. The splendid ceremonies in Paris were, in comparison, trivial with the simple fêtes in the villages. It was pleasing to read of the Mayors—passing rich on forty pounds a-year—turning out, at the head of the peasantry who had learned to love their great poet, in order to dedicate a street as an "Avenue Victor Hugo." Minor details concerning great men are so popular that I may mention, on excellent authority, that Victor Hugo always wrote on a slanting desk and standing up.



MISS BEVERLY SITGREAVES, LEADING LADY AT THE INAUGURATION PERFORMANCE OF THE THÉÂTRE-ANGLAIS IN PARIS.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

I have on several occasions referred in terms of high praise to Mr. Rellaw's exquisite little English Theatre in the Musée Grévin, in Paris, where, among other plays, "His Excellency the Governor" has met with marked success. Mr. Rellaw is receiving the cordial support of the English Colony, from the Embassy downwards, in his undertaking. *The Sketch* has now the pleasure of publishing an excellent photograph of Miss Beverly Sitgreaves, who was leading lady at the inauguration. Miss Sitgreaves is well known to London playgoers from her clever performance in "The Broken Halo," at the Globe, some two years ago, and, a few months later, as the Lady Superior in "The Price

of Peace," at Drury Lane, a part she played with much dramatic ability and elocutionary skill. She is also a great favourite with South African audiences, for she has paid more than one visit to that sunny if now somewhat troubled part of the world.

Red Tape.

Recently I had to make some trivial settlement with the Customs authorities for goods sent from England. Judge of my surprise when I received the other morning a bill as long as a day without food, sealed, stamped, and signed in all directions, notifying me that I had paid one centime too much. One centime—the tenth of a penny!

*The Absent-minded
Cat.*

Jerome K. Jerome in one of his novels tells of the escapades of an alcoholised cat. Paris has one to-day that leaves its record standing still. That cat was employed at Trades Union rate of wages by a confectioner to catch rats. But anything in the way of pastry that is soaked in rum attracts it, and it immediately gets beautifully drunk, to the amusement of the rats. I mean to say that it did do that; but, when the confectioner found it doing a mixture of the dance of Loie Fuller with that of Nini Patte-en-l'Air, he called in a policeman, who turned it into a study for a post-mortem examination.



THE SOCIAL JESTER

MY WEEK-END—WITH A CASUAL MAN.

II.

AT the conclusion of my letter last week, dear Dollie, I had not the heart to leave you in a state of anxiety and myself in a ditch. That was why I indicated that the Casual Man helped me out of my predicament, and, eventually, found the hostelry of which he had talked so much. You will remember, perhaps, the little picture that I made, in fond imagination, of that idyllic resting-place—an old inn, nestling back into its snug niche on the side of the hill and peacefully surveying the broad landscape below. A homely place, I admitted, but roomy and picturesque, with majestic fire-places, blazing log-fires, prime joints of beef, flagons of old ale, and a special barrel, perhaps, of selected and matured whisky.

Now for the reality. It was quite dark when we arrived, so that the exterior meagreness of the building did not dismay me so much as it would otherwise have done. Besides, I was so exhausted, so famished, so wet, and so low-spirited that I was willing to put up with very little in the way of luxury or even of comfort. A good fire, a glass of hot whisky (with lemon in it), and a comfortable arm-chair were all that I was prepared to insist on in the first ten minutes.

The Casual Man passed, somewhat gingerly, through the open doorway and proceeded to look about for his old friends, the host and hostess. The first door he tried opened on to a precipitous flight of stone steps, and he nearly brought his foolishness to an abrupt termination by taking a header into the cellar. However, I just caught him by the coat-tail in time to save a useless life, and then asked him if he had quite forgotten his manners.

I. Just caught him in time.

"I expect that leads to the cellar," he said, calmly adjusting his collar.

"I suppose it does," I agreed; "but wouldn't it be more decent to announce your arrival before seeking your favourite haunts?"

"Perhaps it would," he said. "I'll see if Mrs. Jones is in here." With these words, he opened another door and walked into the jam-cupboard.

"I thought you said you knew the place like your own home?" snapped I, growing more suspicious each moment.

"So I do," he maintained; "but I haven't been here for a little time."

"I don't believe you've ever been here before in your life," I said.

"Oh yes, I have!" he replied, quietly shutting the door on the jam. "It'll be all right when I find the landlord."

"Then 'ere 'e are," growled a deep voice, and a lumbering form suddenly appeared before us in the passage.

"Oh!" said the Casual Man, "how do you do? Is Mr. Jones, the landlord, in?"

"Mr. Jones 'ave left," replied the man.

"Left? How long ago?"

"Nigh 'on twelve month," was the answer.

"Oh!" said my feeble fool; "and has Mrs. Jones left too?"

"O' coorse she 'ave!" said the man.

"What do yer suppose us shud want along o' she?"

"No, no; quite so!" said the Casual Man, hurriedly, and then he fell into a reverie just as lightly as he tried to fall into the cellar.

"Well, look here, landlord," said I; "we're tired to death and wet through. Can we have a fire and some drinks and some food?"

The landlord regarded me stolidly for a short space of time and then called out—so gruffly that I knew he must be addressing his wife—"Ere! 'Ere's two gents as wants a 'cap o' things. You'd best come and talk to 'em"; and, with that, he blundered into the tap-room and we saw no more of him. Meanwhile, the landlady had come out of the kitchen and stood before us, with a guttering candle in her hand and a silly grin on her face.

"How do you do?" said the Casual Man.

The woman curtsied, grinned some more, and curtsied again. He shook hands with her.

"Stop that nonsense!" I said. "This is no time for putting into practice your Socialistic affectations. I want some food and drink and a fire."

"All right," he replied, and then, turning to the woman, added, "Can we have some beer?"

"Beer?" I interrupted, hotly. "Beer be—! Have you any whisky in the house?" I asked her.

"No, sir; this is only a beer-'ouse."

"Then we must have beer, I suppose. And what have you to eat?"

"Bacon."

"No cold beef?"

"No."

"Only bacon?"

"And eggs."

I groaned. "Oh, well!" I said, "then do us a good dish of eggs and bacon. And, in the meantime, show us into a room where there's a fire, please."

"There's a fire in the kitchen," said the woman, slowly.

"Nowhere else?"

"No."

"That'll do," said the Casual Man. "I love kitchens."

We moved into the kitchen. I assure you, my dear Dollie, you never saw such a place in your life. There were saucepans on the floor, half-bricks on the table, pails of whitewash on the chairs.

"It ain't very tidy," said the landlady.

"Don't mention it!" said the Casual Man. "This is the sort of thing I like," and he had the audacity to beam at me over his glasses.

For rather more than half-an-hour we crouched over the tiny fire and sipped muddy beer. Then, as there were still no signs of a meal, I asked the landlady if the eggs and bacon were nearly cooked.

"No," she said, seating herself comfortably in an arm-chair. "I be waiting to come to fire."

It was the last straw. With a yell of rage and despair, I dashed out of the house and started to walk back the seven miles to the station. As I left the village, there came faintly to my ears the air of "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," laboriously played with one finger on a disused piano. The performer, I gathered, was the Casual Man, sitting in the parlour without a fire and waiting for his bacon and eggs.



The performer was the Casual Man

Chicot



MRS. MAESMORE MORRIS

AS MISS PILKERTON, THE HEROINE IN "PILKERTON'S PEERAGE," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

THE AWAKENING OF KOREA.

THE publication of the recent Anglo-Japanese Treaty, by which it is assumed the independence of Korea will be maintained, draws notice to the fact that only quite recently Great Britain elevated the rank of her representative in the Hermit Kingdom. Hitherto, it had been a Consulate-General; it has now blossomed forth into a Legation. This example was quickly followed by the Russian and French Governments, who simultaneously increased the rank of their representatives.

The buildings of the Russian Legation are the most important and the most spacious and secluded among those occupied by the representatives of the Powers, while, perhaps, in architectural beauty the French Legation is superior to any. The house occupied by the British Minister is more conveniently placed with respect to the Palace than that of any of his colleagues, and its propinquity to the Imperial residence, from which it is divided only by a wall, permits a bird's-eye view of many interesting ceremonies to be had from its balconies.

The precincts of the Palace always afford opportunities for foreigners to become familiar with the features of the many Ministers of State whose delight it is to offer advice to their Sovereign, to wrangle among themselves, to plot and counter-plot and fight for the cards in their own hands, irrespective of the fate which their acts may bring down upon their unhappy country. At all hours, processions of chairs are seen making for the Palace, where, having deposited their masters, the retinue of retainers and followers lounge about until the audience is over. Then, with the same silent dignity, the Ministers are hurried away through the crowds of curiously hatted and clothed people, who scarcely deign to notice the passing of the august personages. The officials are elegantly superior in their manner, appearance, and robes, and the distinction in the costumes of the different degrees of the classes is, perhaps, evinced by the difference in their prices.

The dress of a noble may cost several hundred dollars, if the quality is of the best and the person in question has due regard for the importance and true significance of his position. It is made from the finest silk-lawn which can be woven upon the native looms, of cream-colour, striking in the delicacy of its texture, and exceedingly costly. It is ample in its dimensions and sufficiently enveloping to suggest a bath-gown. It is held in place by two large amber buttons placed well over upon the right breast, while a silken girdle of mauve cord encircles the body below the armpits. The costume of any one individual may comprise a succession of these silken coats, in spotless condition, of cream silk-lawn or white silk-lawn, with an outer garment of blue silk-lawn. The movement of a number of these people dressed in similar style is like the rustle of a slight breeze in a forest of leaves. The dress of the less exalted is no less striking in its unblemished purity, and costs but a few dollars,

since the material ceases to be silk and may, perhaps, be grass-lawn of varying degrees of texture, or plain, stout calico, which is first washed, then pounded with heavy sticks upon stones, and, after being dried, beaten again upon a stock until it has taken a brilliant polish. This is the sole occupation of the women of the lower classes, and all day the walls of the city echo back the regular and rhythmic beating of the laundry-sticks. The costume of the women is in some respects peculiar to the Capital. The upper garment consists of an apology for a zouave jacket in white or cream material, which may be silk-lawn, lawn, or calico. A few inches below where this ends, a white petticoat, baggy as a sail and touching the ground upon all sides and attached to a broad band, begins. The women wear no



THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF KOREA.

head-covering, and dress their hair quite simply at the nape of the neck, in a fashion not unlike the vogue which Mrs. Langtry introduced some years ago. The head-dress of the men differs as much in character as does their dress. When they are in mourning, the first stage demands a hat as large as a diminutive clothes-basket of the

open order, some four feet in circumference; completely concealing the face, which is further hidden by a piece of lawn stretched upon two sticks and held just below the eyes. In this stage, nothing whatever of the face may be seen. The second stage is denoted by the removal of the screen, and the third period by the replacement of the inverted basket with the customary headgear, but of straw-colour.

Excluding these three variations of headgear, there is none other than the ordinary head-covering after the shape of the old-fashioned pot-hat, with a broad brim made in black gauze upon a bamboo frame, held in place by a chain beneath the chin or a string of pieces of bamboo, between each of which small amber beads are inserted.

A few years ago, it was thought that the glory of the ancient city had departed, and, indeed, there was every justification for this opinion by reason of the extreme state of neglect into which the place had fallen. Now, however, there is ground for much hope; the prospect is suggestive of prosperity, comparative affluence, and, from the character of its apparent reformation, the disappearance of that sloth and poverty by which the people endeavoured to evade the constant exactions of their officials. With the revival of its dignities, Seoul has become keenly interested in certain forms of Western life and in certain principles of civil administration. The city possesses now a well-equipped police force—an institution which has had a perceptible effect upon the general behaviour of the people.

Koreans retire early; by nine o'clock there is scarce a sound to break the perfect stillness of the silent night. The creation of the police has led to an attempt to improve the constitution of the laws, which at present are relics

of the days when the whims and orders of officials comprised in effect the full sense and value of Korean justice. Every man now has the right to a public trial, and, if the operation of this law is as yet partially theoretical, the end in view justifies the hope that something definite may ultimately be reached. Just as reforms have been attempted in the law and in the regulation of the city, so the last few years have borne witness to great advances in the currency of the kingdom, and although there is but little prospect that any portion of the suggested Franco-Russian Loan will be dedicated to the establishment of a silver coinage, the introduction of nickel pieces records an element of success in a work which the growing value of trade has made necessary, and whose absence has presented grave objections and obstructions to free commercial intercourse for many years.

The period which has passed since the country was opened to foreign trade has given the inhabitants time to become accustomed to the peculiar differences which distinguish foreigners, and has afforded them opportunities to select for themselves such institutions as may be calculated to promote their own improvement and to provide them with compensating advantages for their departure from tradition.

It is not only by the construction of an electric-railway, the installation of the electric-light, and the general improvement in their thoroughfares and forms of drainage and buildings that the Capital of Korea gives tokens of the spirit which is at work among the people, but reforms in education have taken place, schools and hospitals have been opened, churches have sprung up, and the number and variety of the religions by which the missionaries are wooing the Koreans are as amazing and complex as is the case in China. The enlightenment which is thus spreading throughout the lower classes cannot fail to secure some eventual modification of the views and sentiments with which the upper classes regard the progress of the country. As a sign of the times, it is worthy of note that native newspapers have been started, while the increase of business which has followed upon these reforms has created the necessity for improved facilities for financial transactions. This has appealed not only to the foreign banks, but also attracted men of enterprise from among the people themselves.



H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF KOREA
AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE HALL OF AUDIENCE,
IMPERIAL PALACE, SEOUL.



A KOREAN LAD.

TYPICAL SCENES IN AND ABOUT SEOUL, THE CAPITAL OF KOREA.



THE IMPERIAL PALACE.



COURT BELLE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE.



WASHING-DAY IN THE MAIN DRAIN.



KOREAN NOBLES AND THEIR FAMILIES.



A TIMBER-MARKET



TEMPLE ON CITY WALL



OLD SEOUL.



NEW SEOUL.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

"Ten Million Skaters, Mostly Fools"—*The Commercial Side of Frost—Skating (Various)—Frost and its Social Effects—A Skating "Man from Blankley's"—Municipal Weather.*

A CURIOUS effect of the late spell of frost has been to crowd the skating-rinks. Someone has said that there are ten million skaters in England, mostly fools, but the latter is the fault of the climate; people are reminded of the opportunities for practice on artificial ice by the real article. Nature is the grand advertising medium. Whole pages of announcements—even in *The Sketch*—will not sell straw-hats like a hot spell, or furs like a cold snap, or calf-lymph like a small-pox outbreak. A sunshiny day will produce a Revolution in South America, and a shower put a stop to one in France; the latter is demonstrable from history.

Then the average Londoner, for the first time for years, has seen the best models in the open. M. Salchow and his fellow-experts

and (b) by being an atrocious skater. In (a) the *terrain* you operate over is sacred, and the spectators fear to tread upon your sphere of influence and compete with you. In (b) they are careful to leave you a clear space of some fifteen feet radius, for you are probably of a heavy and awkward build, and, if you do fall, do it thoroughly, over about a rod, pole, or perch of ground, and with a sounding smash that strains the ice severely. The mass of mediocre skaters, lying between these two extremes, shambles promiscuously about the centre of the pond.

By both these methods, again, you avoid having to trail helpless ladies round the ice. In (a) they are ashamed to make use of such a hero as a mere life-buoy; in (b) they refuse absolutely to come within range of your frantic struggles, especially if not insured and owning several children. The curious socially revolutionary effects of frost have been evident in the numerous skating-parties round London. Those capable only of an uncertain Dutch roll forwards rank in the table of precedence behind those who can do the outside edge backwards, and these, again, pay a snobbish deference to the masters of the double-three and "grape-vine."



Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Dr. "Jim."

MR. CECIL RHODES AND DR. JAMESON LANDING AT CAPE TOWN ON FEB. 4 FROM THE R.M.S. "BRITON."

seemed to tour the large ponds in rotation. There has been every variety of skating within easy reach, from fashionable Ranelagh down to the Round Pond and the Serpentine, where congealed masses of people stand two to the square foot, and the "skater" forces his way at a painful three knots through the struggling population. Comfort is impossible without some charge for admission, "varying in size from sixpence to half-a-crown," as a reporter said when describing some hailstones.

Not that the sixpence is prohibitive, for the poor man naturally squanders his money more recklessly than the rich. But he finds the enclosure "too blamed aristocratical," in the words of the galleryite found leaving the threepenny pit in disgust. The actual skaters are heavily outnumbered by a crowd of police, Humane Society officials, chairmen, refreshment-caterers, and skate-experts. The last rarely know a nut from a monkey-wrench, and the skates they put on have to be taken off immediately and put on again by someone who understands; but it "gives employment," and the poor fellows—as Benjamin Goldfinch argues in "A Pair of Spectacles"—have large families.

There are obviously two methods of reserving the best piece of ice for yourself on these occasions—(a) by being a very good skater,

The young man who has been till now the recognised fool of his set—a lamb to be openly fleeced at "Bridge," a mule at dancing, a flannelled fool at tennis or croquet, and an oaf at Ping-Pong—suddenly asserts himself as a finished skater and commands his own price at Peeresses' skating-parties. The individual of unknown antecedents can become a social lion, provided he has lived abroad and studied figure-skating, and momentarily eclipses even the Ping-Pong Champion of South Camberwell. At one fashionable carnival, the other day, there was even rumoured to be a skating "Man from Blankley's," hired by the hour to perform impossibilities on the outside edge at a stated price guaranteed in the contract.

Skating is so universally popular and yet so scarce that it seems strange that London has not yet been roofed in with glass on the Wells or Bellamy system and its temperature artificially regulated by the municipal authorities. The weather would be adjusted every morning at a meeting of the Climate Committee, and a severe frost or a heat-wave decided on by a plurality of votes. There would be bright sunshine every afternoon for shopping, and twenty minutes' rain every night to wash the streets and the omnibuses. To observe that it was a "frightfully cold day" or "dreadfully hot" would then be a direct reflection on the County Council and punishable with penal servitude as *lèse-majesté*.

HILL ROWAN.



THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IN connection with the Centenary Celebrations of the birth of Victor Hugo, the French papers have lately been full of what is pleasingly designated as "chronique Hugolâtre." Every possible anecdote and reminiscence of the great poet, "the son of the Napoleonic epoch," as Henry Béranger calls him, has been collected and published. Portraits of Hugo at various ages are scattered throughout the French illustrated papers, and, altogether, the celebrations have assumed the form of a national fête. M. Paul Meurice, Hugo's veteran literary executor, has just issued a last collection of hitherto unpublished poems which contains some of the finest lines that ever came from Victor Hugo's pen. Another remarkable and interesting volume in connection with the Centenary is a facsimile reproduction of Hugo's manuscripts now in the French National Library. A study of these reproductions is something of a poetic education. Unlike Balzac, who corrected and added enormously, but always in proof, unlike Fénelon and George Sand, who seldom made any alteration either in manuscript or in proof, Victor Hugo was continually correcting and re-writing his poems in manuscript, but very seldom indeed altered more than a word or two when once they were printed.

A glance at the manuscript alterations reveals some strange contradictions. In several instances, it was only after re-writing the lines half-a-dozen times that Hugo arrived at his most famous and finest efforts. On every page of this interesting book are proofs of the immense pains which Victor Hugo took to perfect the style and rhythm of his poems.

It is not a little curious to remember, in connection with these Celebrations, that, a little more than thirty years ago, Camille Doucet and Marshal Vaillant were compelled to resign for having dared to allow "Hernani" to be performed at the Comédie-Française, and that, a few years after, Théophile Gautier almost lost his position on the *Moniteur Universel* for having the audacity to praise a volume of Hugo's poems in his dramatic causerie. For years afterwards, too, Hugo's name was not to be found in the list of "Famous Children of Besançon" published by the officials of the Department. Jules Claretie, in one of his delightful reminiscences, tells how he and a friend visited Besançon in search of Hugo's birthplace, and how no one they questioned had ever heard of the poet until they came across a rural postman who thought he remembered someone of that name living "in furnished apartments." "When," says Claretie, "I see the much-advertised men of letters of the day taking for eternal renown the little noise that they make *en passant*, I like to think of the postman in the street of Besançon giving us that terrible lesson of life, and showing us the worth of true, pure, blazing, literary glory."

An important big-game book by the Earl of Ronaldshay is to be published shortly by Messrs. Blackwood. It is entitled "Two Years' Sport and Travel in the Highlands and Lowlands of South-Western Asia," and is a record of Lord Ronaldshay's expedition after mountain big-game in Cashmere, and an account of his journey from Simla to London by land *via* the new trade-route by Quetta and the Caspians. Especially interesting is the story of the author's perilous crossing of the Himalayas in the middle of winter.

Now that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is an accomplished fact, it is to be hoped that Japan will learn some lessons from this country in matters of letters. I have been reading lately a very interesting description by a Japanese writer of the present state of literature in his country. He says, in effect, that it is impossible to expect any remarkable or outstanding work in Japanese literature to-day, as the payment received by the Japanese man of letters is so utterly inadequate that in order to live he is compelled to turn out from four to five long volumes at least each year. To live comfortably, but without luxury, he must earn at least £140 a-year. This sounds modest enough, in all conscience, and, if it were not for the sequel, I should strongly advise

a large number of my literary friends to take the first boat for Japan. The sequel is this: It is rarely indeed that the manuscript of a long novel brings in as much as £35 or £40. Under the circumstances, how on earth, says this writer, can you expect the Japanese novelist to turn out anything but pot-boilers? The writer goes on to give some interesting summaries of the most popular of recent Japanese fiction. It would appear that the Japanese novelists of the day have adopted an extreme naturalist style—a style of meanest streets.

Dr. Margaret Todd's new novel, "The Way of Escape," is likely to be one of the most prominent works of fiction issued this spring. Some forecast of the purpose of the novel may be gathered from the lines on the title-page—

The Moving Finger writes, and, having writ,
Moves on; not all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

There is a great revival in *éditions de luxe* of Scott. Messrs. Jack's superb Edinburgh Edition is nearly completed, and is to be followed immediately by a companion issue of Lockhart's "Life," magnificently illustrated by photogravures. Mr. T. F. Henderson, the author of the "Casquet Letters" and co-editor of the Centenary "Burns," is preparing a new edition of Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." o. o.



THE DESPERATE LOVER.

Drawn by Louis Wain.

AN EASTER WATER-SHOW FOR THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

I THINK I may safely prophesy a big attraction for Easter Monday in the shape of a huge Water-Show over the lake in the North Tower Gardens of the Crystal Palace. It, of course, matters little that the spirit of the enterprise is imported, and embodied in the person of Lieutenant L. Morgan, a man of progress and "parts." Showman to the manner born, he is also an officer in the American Navy, having served through the Spanish-American War, in which he distinguished himself for his intrepidity.

Mr. Morgan claims for his Water-Show that it will be the biggest ever seen in this country. Those who are familiar with the lake in the North Tower Gardens will experience some difficulty in recognising it. It will be transformed, as though with the wand of a magician, into a veritable "Canada in Little." Instead of the customary and unromantic water-tanks, with the placid lake beneath, there will appear colossal, snow-capped peaks; wooded, precipitous slopes; rushing and roaring rapids, bearing pleasure-boats on their bosoms; craggy boulders and pine forests. Below, on the level, will be depicted a teeming life of pleasure, motley in character and many-sided in attractiveness. There will be inviting water-caves to explore, aquatic performances to witness, open-air variety entertainments to sample, tableaux to inspect, and many leafy waterways through which Romeo and his well-beloved may glide and spoon in a gondola. If, however, you should elect to eschew the latter as an out-of-date craft, then you may speed it in an up-to-date electric-launch. All the attractions will be contemporaneous.

The big Pavilion which was erected for last year's mimic naval display will be a bower of perfumed loveliness. From end to end, in the front, will be planted multi-coloured and vari-scented flowers, and round the pillars roses will entwine their way. The roof will also be gay with bunting. Inside, you will be able to sit and sip a cup of "soft, sober, sage, and venerable liquid," the while you watch the progress of a grand aquatic performance on a big stage in front. The scenery used in it, which is being painted by Mr. J. England, is all of a mammoth description, the highest point reached being nearly a hundred and twenty feet. The water for the rapids will be pumped up by centrifugal power, and twenty-five boats will float down in the space of a minute.

Perchance, should the Fates prove propitious, Lieutenant Morgan's Show will be carried on throughout the year, an ice-carnival being held in the winter.

PREPARING THE GREAT WATER-SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE STAGE AND GRAND PAVILION.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GIGANTIC WATER-CHUTE, RAPIDS, AND ISLANDS.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace.



V.—THE EMPRESS.

"CLUBMAN" has become a regular term of common expression. The word signifies one who makes use of his Club as his second home, and often as his first; who reads, talks, eats, drinks, grumbles, and curses in his Club as regularly as he puts on his boots and throws his tailor's bill into the fire. "Clubman" is, in fact, an excellent, expressive, comprehensive term well worthy a place in our vocabulary.

But Clubs have ceased to be the sole prerogative of man, just like trousers and tobacco. Woman has not only insinuated herself into our holies of holies, but has actually set up temples of her own. She began discreetly by so doubting poor man's constant attendance at his Club that, out of sheer weariness and not a little of self-defence, he instituted "ladies' rooms." He has never ceased to regret the fact; but he instituted them. At first, it was only frivolous, light-hearted youth that entertained the weaker sex to tea and muffins within sacred precincts; but the disease rapidly grew to an epidemic, and now even the "Curry and Rice," shrine of respectability, and the Junior, home of injured warriors, have succumbed to the Amazon. And more than that. Woman became so bitten with the craze that she created Clubs of her own. Which leaves us face-to-face with a possible new type—a "Clubwoman."

I say "possible" advisedly, for I have my doubts of the "Clubwoman." Not that my gentler friends are incapable of any of the attributes that go to make the "Clubman." None will deny them the power of talking, of eating, of reading, of grumbling—and even of swearing. But, somehow, observation has led me to believe that a "Clubwoman" is an impossible type. The very dress of woman renders her incapable of making her Club her second home. Mere man can snatch his hat from his head, throw his overcoat on to a peg, and lounge back in an arm-chair in ease and comfort. Woman can't—and, mind you, I am speaking of real women, not women *habillées à la Harberton* and *coiffées à la maître d'hôtel*. I have been in many Ladies' Clubs, but I dare swear that I have never yet seen a hatless lady nor one who dared trust her *coiffure* to the mercies of an antimacassar. And you really can't be called a "Clubwoman" if you sit bolt upright in your chair covered *cap-à-pie*!

Beautiful, comfortable, charming as the Empress is, I have never yet been able to consider it a Club at all. It has a hall-porter—a most attentive personage; it boasts page-boys and waiters. It takes in all the papers, and it provides its members with bedrooms and all sorts of

meals, and it has a room set apart for tobacco. It even boasts a real live mere man Secretary. How that Secretary manages his members, I do not know; he must be a genius indeed. I have never seen him, and, now I come to think of it, I should really rather like to. But, despite all these, it is a mere amateur of a Club, a trifling with a very serious subject. It is an institution in which muffins run riot and Society papers are at a terrible discount—a cosy meeting-place, a glorified tea-house, but not a Club.

"Every woman," once said Mr. Pinero, "has her hour." The hour of the Empress is five. At that time, Dover Street is impassable with cabs and literally whistles with silk petticoats. Indeed, the dreamer might imagine that he was attending a meeting of all the fashion-plates stepped down for the nonce from the pages of our ladies' papers for refreshment after so much posing. Once inside the Club, you are immediately engulfed in a very maelstrom of frocks and frills, tea and cakes, laughter and scandal. Your hostess discovered with some difficulty amid this mass of fur and velvet and chiffon and lace, you at once attack the serious business of the afternoon-tea. Who will rise up and denounce the discoverer of the fragrant leaf and the inventor of the modern tea-cup? He does not live who has yet given me a satisfactory reason for the infusion of a nerve-destroying

herb with added milk and sugar, or the creation of a top-heavy china thimble resting on a diminutive circle in which you are compelled to attempt to balance a wedge of an indigestible compound—or destroy all possibility of speech for several minutes. It is useless to attempt even the rudiments of conversation till tea and cake be satisfactorily, or otherwise, disposed of.

And that is the Empress Club.

"But how about lunch and dinner and quiet hours in the smoking- or reading-rooms?" asks the incredulous reader, or rather, for my own purpose, I will imagine that such is his query. In reply, I would say that I have both lunched and dined at the Empress, and that these two functions have been entirely subsidiary to the great entertainment of the afternoon. The meals are excellent, but the spirits of my hostesses seemed to fall under the influence of wine as much as they rose under that of Pekoe. It was with sighs of relief that they rose to wrap up for the theatre. The dining-room was far too much like that of a Club; it was comparatively quiet. Indeed, the nearest approach to the "Clubwoman" that I ever encountered was in the dining-room of the Empress, and I am still praying that she be a unique specimen.

As for the smoking- and the reading-room, I confess that into these I have never thrust my masculine nose. They are, I believe, sternly forbidden, and the knowledge of the existence of a healthy male Secretary—they assure me that he is perfectly well—has curbed my fervent curiosity so far. But I am assured by my Empress friends that these rooms lack patronage. The papers and the ash-trays are there, but where are their supporters? Echo answers, "Tea!"

But from all that I have written concerning the Empress Club—and the Empress is typical of all Ladies' Clubs—I must not be taken to imply that the existence of these institutions is threatened or that their tendency is to decrease. On the contrary, they promise to multiply exceedingly, for they are all in the

heart of man's land, and no excuse on the ground of distance avails against an invitation to what the vulgar call a "bun-fight." But I must insist that ladies will never have real Clubs—refuges from the opposite sex—for the very excellent reason that it is their last wish on earth to avoid man, and that, even in the event of their so desiring, they could not possibly do better than stay at home!



AN "EMPRESS."

Drawn by Lewis Baumer.



THE MARCHIONESS OF ORMONDE.

(SEE "SMALL TALK.")

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH,
WHO PLAYS THE LEAD IN "THE PRINCESS'S NOSE," TO BE PRODUCED SHORTLY AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

(SEE "MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.")

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



MISS EVELYN MILLARD,
WHO PLAYS THE LEAD IN "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA," PRODUCED AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE TO-MORROW NIGHT.
(SEE "MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.")

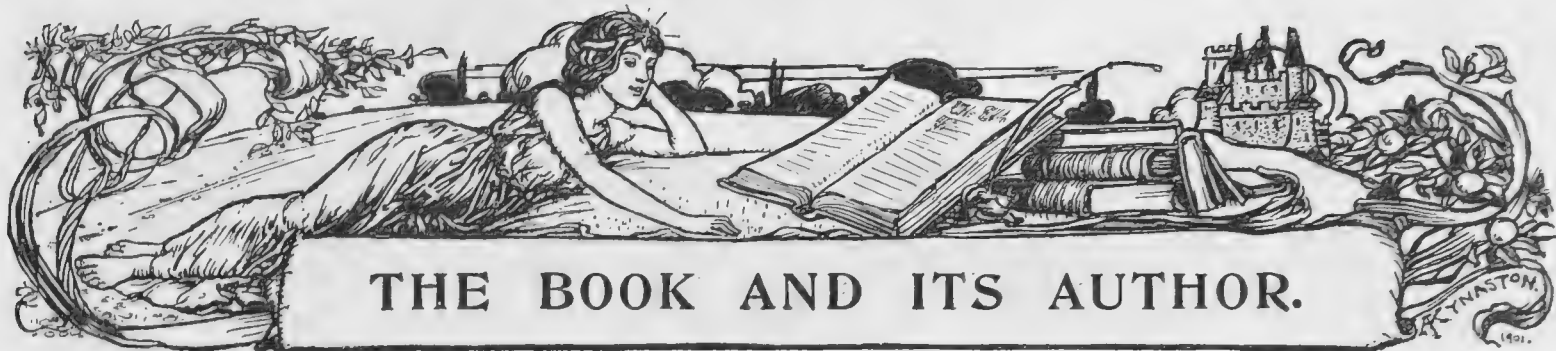
Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



THE COUNTESS OF ARRAN.

(SEE "SMALL TALK.")

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



"TWO WINTERS IN NORWAY."

MOST of us who go to Norway for a holiday choose the summer, not the winter. Mr. A. Edmund Spender preferred the winter, and the present book (Messrs. Longmans and Co.) is an account of "two holidays spent on snow-shoes and in sleigh-driving, and including an expedition to the Lapps," by Mr. Spender, the winters in question being those of 1900 and 1901. Now, Mr. Spender is not only an experienced traveller, but also an accomplished journalist—he has acted as Special Correspondent of the *Times* and other important journals. Therefore, as was to be expected, what he has to tell us, besides being interesting in a particular manner to the great and ever-increasing army of men and women devoted to foreign travel, is presented in an eminently readable and agreeable way. While this, speaking generally, is the case, I must put in a protest against the inordinate length of the first chapter of the book, as it consists of no fewer than sixty-six pages! True, it is all concerned with one subject—"In Search of Ice and Snow"—but it might have been broken up, say, at certain big milestones, so to speak, in the Search, with advantage to the much-enduring yet somewhat skittish animal yclept the general reader.

Mr. Spender, naturally enough, begins with a sort of defence of holiday-making in Norway in the winter. He writes—

"Thou fool!" was written unmistakably upon the features of my more immediate friends when I informed them of my intention to visit Norway in the month of January. I pardon them for their mistake, and in turn pity them for their ignorance; albeit they dissuaded me from my trip so urgently when I went for the second time that I began to wonder whether I had not really forgotten all the "perils" of my first journey. To the Englishman who takes his holiday in the summer, or spends his Christmas at the Riviera, the visit to the Land of the Vikings (in winter) possesses three imaginary but impenetrable barriers: a merciless sea-voyage, a cruel cold, and an absence of light. For answer to the first enemy, I can only say that my crossing from Hull to Christiania, both in 1900 and 1901, occurred in an almost absolute calm, such as would have astonished a summer passenger. . . . But the cold! Ah! I had forgotten that, even though I pen these opening lines in the smoking-room of the Victoria Hotel, at Christiania, with an almost uncontrollable desire to smash every pane of glass to admit a colder air. . . . Away from the sea-coast, the temperature is so dry that a man can live and be a songster even when the thermometer has touched thirty-two degrees below zero in the early morn.

In somewhat similar fashion, Mr. Spender disposes of the various objections which may be raised to Norway as a holiday-resort in winter. He contrasts the endless jostling and hurry of Fleet Street, where every man "seems to be rushing to regain moments that are eternally lost," with the calm, the peace, the restfulness of Norway in its winter repose. But this starts a fresh objection: Is not this calm of Norway only another name for monotony? Is not Norway at this season "nothing but acres and acres of snow, wearying monochrome, melancholy silence"? Mr. Spender, who is, it will be perceived, a

bit of an enthusiast, replies that this is a libel. In a fine sentence, which does not by any means stand alone in the volume, he says—

Nature here displays herself with her shades and folds truly religious, a child seeking confirmation, unutterably pure, magnificently modest. This inspiration pervades in a degree the religious inclinations of this Northern race. . . . Neither tongue nor pen can picture the inner beauty of all that is to be found when the Land of the Vikings sleeps.

Apart from its interesting descriptions of travel, "Two Winters in Norway" contains many passages dealing with special subjects which may well attract attention. Amongst these may be mentioned the account of the visit to the small-arms factory at Kongsberg, where the famous Krag-Jorgensen rifles, with which the Danish and Norwegian Armies are supplied, are made. Perhaps the best chapter in the book is that which treats of "Norway's Olympic Games," the "Holmenkollen," which are generally held on the second Sunday in February.

We have to sink our idiosyncrasies for once (says Mr. Spender) as to the proper way of keeping the Sabbath, and join with the merry folk in watching what they choose to term, somewhat inadequately, the Norwegian Derby. In reality, the competition bears a closer resemblance to the Inter-Varsity Sports, except that the competitors vie for their own honour, and not as the representative of any body save as a member of the Ski Club to which they may happen to belong.

In connection with the establishment of these ski contests, Mr. Spender gives a striking anecdote of the perseverance and courage and indomitable spirit of Dr. Nansen (pp. 98-102), but it is too long to be given here. Suffice it to say it is of the type which declares the child to be the father of the man. Those who have once seen these sports will not forget the interest and excitement of them. From an early hour, men, women, and children toil up in one long procession towards the spot from which the best view is to be obtained, and then stand waiting, despite the severity of the weather, for hours. Nor is there any of the excitement about these affairs that comes from betting or professionalism; it is all from pure love of sport. The contest is of a

double character—long-distance running on skis (pronounced "shes") and jumping on skis from a height; the former is a stern test of physical endurance, while the latter appears to be more a matter calling for pluck and skill. The long-distance running takes place on the Sunday, but it is the following Monday which is the Blue Ribbon Day of the year, for it is on it that the ski-lobing, or jumping, comes off.

The chapter which Mr. Spender devotes to Norwegian authors and dramatists is particularly readable—even if it does not contain anything that is particularly new. With regard to Ibsen, our author remarks that, having seen "When the Dead Awake" (as the piece is known in England) and "Kongs Emmerne" (a title not easily translated into English), he regrets that Ibsen did not "reject his problem-plays in favour of keeping to purely historical drama, in which he could have attained a greater and more lasting reputation."—ROBERT MACHRAY.



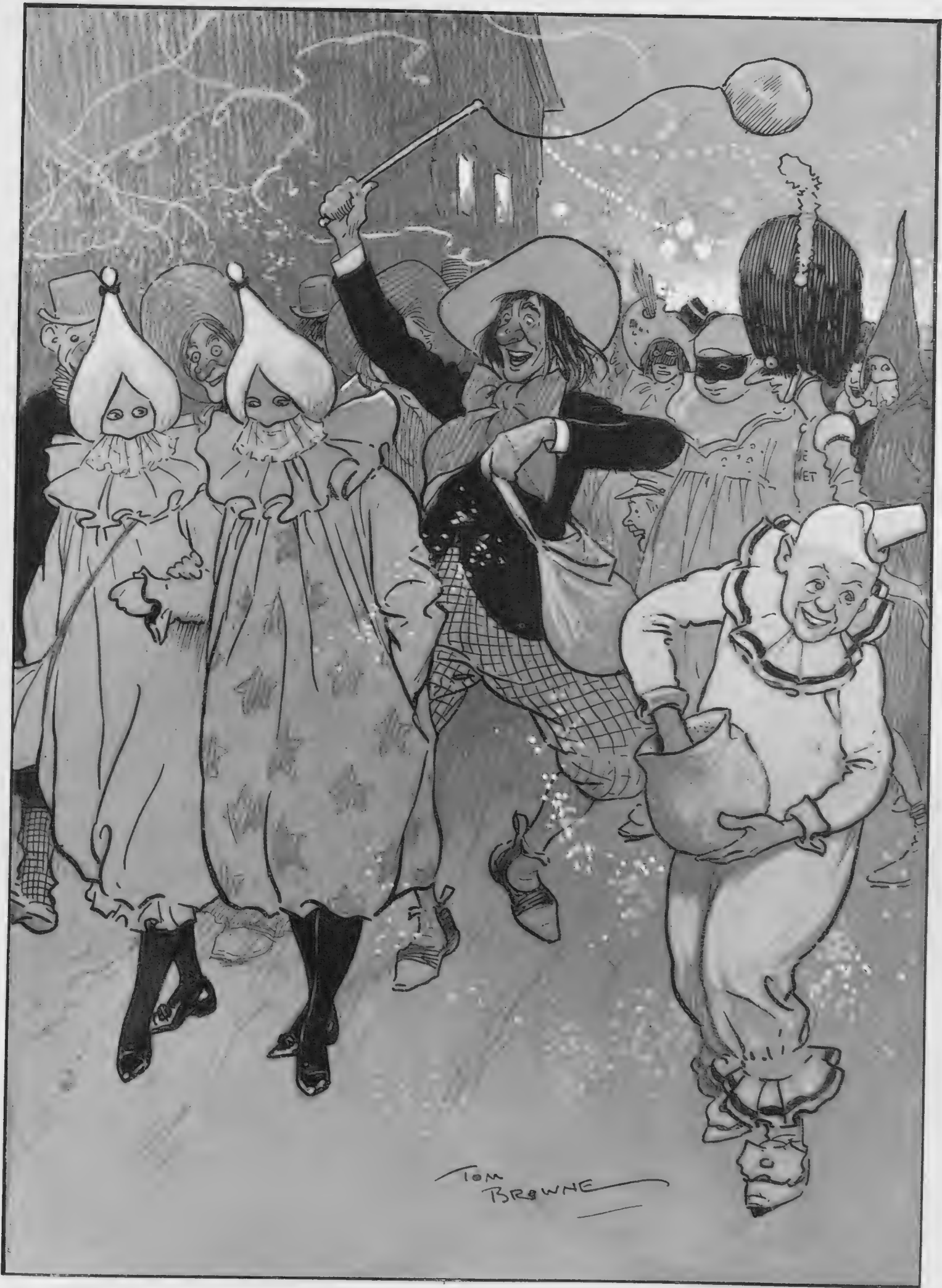
FAIR MAIDS OF NORWAY.

Reproduced by permission from "Two Winters in Norway." (Messrs. Longmans and Co.)



SHE : Do you play Ping-Pong ?
HE : No jolly fear ! I've chucked kids' games.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



A CONTINENTAL CARNIVAL.

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A MAGNANIMOUS WOMAN.

BY BEATRIX M. DE BURGH.



"T'S just like a woman, I tell you! Your sex never can be magnanimous!"

"That's rather sweeping, isn't it?"

"But it's true. Look at the case in point. If Bellairs hadn't married Miss Custance, he would have been going out to represent the *Daily Blaze*, and a man of his calibre might have done anything. He's cut out for a Special War-Correspondent. As it is, his wife won't let him go, and his career is spoilt."

"Well, I don't blame her. Only just married!"

"Of course, you don't! You're a woman!"

The girl laughed, a pretty, ringing laugh.

"I admit the disability. What do you think

Miss Custance should have done?"

"Put off her wedding!"

"Oh, but really——!"

"Yes, I know! The newly furnished house . . . the wedding presents . . . much more important than her husband's career, of course!"

"I don't think that was what I was going to say. Didn't he love her?"

They were pacing up and down the Embankment, just above Westminster Bridge, two busy journalists whose work had thrown them into a companionship that had ripened into comradeship. They had paced up and down that short strip of pavement many and many a night, during their few moments of relaxation, discussing their work, their hopes and fears, their ambitions. The policeman on the beat knew them and nodded "Good-evening" as they paused in their walk and leaned against the parapet.

Behind the Clock-Tower there was a faint, lingering glow from the aftermath of a glorious sunset, just enough light to make the roof of the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey towers stand out in fine black silhouettes against its pale flush. The newly lighted lamps on the Bridge and Embankment cast foreshortened reflections on the river's dark bosom, mere stumps, as it were, of the creeping fingers of light that would run out across its surface as the night darkened. The sky overhead was still blue, but fringed at the edge with a strip of cold, delicate green through which the Evening Star held her way in solitary state.

"Didn't he love her?" The girl lifted her eyes to his as she spoke, and the thought flashed across him that in their clear depths there was some likeness to that solitary star.

"Of course, he loved her!" he answered, impatiently. "I know Bellairs. He wouldn't have married her, if she had been fifty times the Proprietor's daughter, if he hadn't loved her. Although everyone knows that he owed his appointment to her. She worked it for him with old Custance."

"Yes, I know that; but I'm glad that he loves her. He owes her a good deal."

"And, woman-like, she will exact the debt to the last farthing!"

"You have a poor idea of woman's generosity."

"I don't believe in woman's magnanimity. I think, if a woman does anything for a man, she takes care to let him know it. However, I must not complain; for Bellairs' defection is my chance. . . . By Jove! this appointment is a bit of luck for me!"

"A bit of luck—yes." She spoke dreamily, looking out across the water, and wondering whether, in the face of his last remarks, she should tell him that he owed his new appointment not so much to "luck" as to her influence and powers of persuasion.

"It has come so suddenly—everything has been such a rush—that 'good-bye time' has arrived before we know where we are. I shall miss you, little woman!"

"Yes?" The word came almost in a whisper, her eyes still on the water, where the star began to cast a faint reflection.

"And you'll miss me too, I hope?" He took one of her hands in his big, warm grasp; it lay there, small and cold. "You'll think of me, won't you?"

"Very often."

"So shall I of you. I shall often wish I had you out there to look over my 'copy' for me; your brain is so quick and alert. I've been very happy in our friendship, Elsa." His voice sounded deep and tender, and a warm glow stole down to the tips of her fingers. Her eyes came back from the reflection of the star to his face. He was bending towards her.

"Will you give me a kiss, dear?" She bent forward almost

mechanically. "I'd no idea a man and woman could be such friends as we have been and never even mention lovers' nonsense. . . . You would rather not?"—for she had suddenly drawn back—"Well, just as you please."

His voice sounded rather disappointed, though; and when, after a little more talk, she left him, with a warm hand-clasp and many good wishes, he experienced a curious sensation of having held something good within his grasp and then lost hold of it. So marked was this sensation that two or three times he almost ran after her as she walked swiftly away without turning her head. When she had disappeared, he turned back to the river, and, following the direction her eyes had taken, he saw the faint reflection, and looked up from it to the star itself.

"Yes, it is like her eyes. Twin evening stars. What rot! Gazing at the river has made me sentimental. And yet—and yet——"

Renshaw walked homewards and did his packing, still haunted by that vague sense of regret and loss; while, in her tiny study, looking out on an old-world inn, Elsa sat for hours with her face buried in her hands. Midnight had struck when she roused herself, and, taking out pens and paper, wrote and wrote, until the dawn peeped in at her window and the rising sun had usurped the place of the Evening Star.

"Gad, Renshaw, it's years since we saw you last!"

Renshaw knew that the swagger little "black-and-white" artist was summing him up in his mind, noting his run-to-seed appearance, setting him down as "one of the failures," for, somehow, the man had missed his mark, and he knew it. The appointment which was to have made him proved his undoing. His style was all right, his personality all wrong. He had a knack of always missing the decisive moment, and then he had never made himself popular with his fellow Correspondents or with the military powers. Perhaps he was bumptious and overbearing; anyway, he got hustled to the rear in the race for fame, and the *Daily Blaze* recalled him and sent out another man in his place.

This he resented bitterly, and, in a fit of anger, he resigned from the paper altogether. For a time he hung on in the Colony, doing all sorts of odd jobs; but, finally, that magical loadstone, London, drew him slowly but surely back into its charmed circle, and, after two years' absence, he found himself once more in the Strand, shabby, ill, and almost at his last sovereign.

Down on his luck he was certainly, but not so far gone as not to resent the patronising air of the man who now accosted him. It would have taken some weeks of actual starvation to reduce Renshaw to the proper state of humility needful to make him swallow the patronage of a man he had himself patronised not so long before. A sharp answer was on his lips, but it suddenly died away. "Isn't that Elsa Neal?" he asked, touching his companion on the arm. A *matinée* at the Lyceum was just over, and at the edge of the kerb a lady was standing by a neat brougham, talking to a tall, aristocratic man.

"Yes, it is. Lucky girl! Written three plays, and made an enormous hit with each. Her fortune's made! She can't keep up with the commissions she gets. That's Lord Coniston she's talking to—dabbles in literature—awfully gone on her! They say she could be 'my Lady' to-morrow if she chose. Some folks say they are engaged. Why, she's bowing! Do you know her?"

"Yes, I know her," stammered Renshaw. "Know her!" He thought of the little pile of clever, friendly letters lying in his portmanteau at home—letters the last three of which, at any rate, he had left unanswered, for things were beginning to go wrong with him when they came and he was too proud to answer her tale of a growing success with his own story of failure. Somehow, in coming home he had never thought of such a *rencontre*, never pictured their meeting—and now they were almost face to face! The clear eyes he had likened to the Evening Star were gazing at him over the intervening strip of pavement, the slender hand that had lain so cold in his was beckoning him in kindly welcome.

"Excuse me," he murmured; and, without any conscious volition on his part, he found himself moving towards that beckoning hand. He became confused and intensely conscious of his shabby clothes and his ungloved hands, which Elsa had taken in both hers. Then his thoughts cleared, and he heard her introduce him to Lord Coniston as "An old friend—a very dear and old friend of mine!"

His Lordship shook hands very affably and took himself off, while Elsa turned towards the brougham.



INJURED INNOCENCE.

DRAWN BY CECIL ALDIN

"You must come home and dine with me." Renshaw blushed and looked down at his clothes.

"Never mind dressing; there will be no one but mother and myself. Come. I insist!"

So, by-and-by, Renshaw found himself in a cosy little study, with Elsa opposite him, sitting under the shadow of an amber lamp that played strange pranks with the brown of her hair and the depths of her luminous eyes; found himself pouring out the story of his spoilt life and wasted years as if they two were still pacing up and down the Embankment as of old.

"Why didn't you write and tell me? Did you think I was a fair-weather friend? Or was it that I was only a woman? It was not very kind of you. But there! You were never very fair to women in your thoughts." The words were reproachful, but the tone was very tender and sounded almost as if tears were not very far off. The sudden sympathetic touch of her hand, the care expressed for him, the man who had been so long lonely and uncared for, were too much for Renshaw in his weakened state. He dropped his face into his hands and sobbed, just one deep sob. It brought Elsa to his side on her knees.

"Don't! Oh, don't!" There was a ring almost of terror in her voice, and her hands caressed his hair, like the hands of a mother soothing a child in distress.

"You are a good little soul, Elsa—a staunch little friend!" he said hoarsely, a few minutes later.

"Yes, yes! We are friends, you and I—real friends; so—so you won't let your pride stand in the way if I want to help you? I—I have some influence now"—she spoke as if half-ashamed of the fact—"and I believe I know of a post that would just suit you. Lord Coniston wants a secretary. He was speaking to me about it when I saw you. Wasn't it strange? I think you would be the very man for his needs. I have some letters of yours. May I show them to him?" She was unlocking her desk eagerly, and surely he was blind not to see how instantly her hand closed on the packet without the help of her eyes, and how worn and faded the letters were, as though from being often opened and re-read.

Coniston saw this, also the eagerness in her eyes as she proffered her petition on behalf of Renshaw, and, being a noble-hearted and unselfish gentleman, he buried the dearest ambition of his life when he said "Yes" to Elsa's prayer and took into his service the man who held unconsciously the love he would have given the world to call his own.

Unconscious! Yes, that is what he was. Successes came to him now, and he carried them all to Elsa—"his friend," as he still blindly called her, never seeing the heart-hunger in her eyes, the woman into whose hands he was putting a stone instead of the bread she craved for; and Coniston looked on and cursed in his soul.

"Do you remember the day I said that there was no such thing as a magnanimous woman?" Renshaw asked one day.

"Yes." Elsa looked up at him with a pink flush in her face, brought there by the suddenness of the question.

"Well, I was wrong! I have found one magnanimous woman. I owe you everything, and you have never once made me feel the obligation!" The colour died out of Elsa's cheeks and under her dropped lids her eyes looked dull and hopeless.

"Magnanimous man!" Her voice sounded a little hard, almost sneering.

"Why?"

"To acknowledge your mistake. I must take care to live up to your flattering opinion of me!"

Once or twice lately her secret had almost slipped from her keeping. She had been ill, and in his care for her he had been as tender as a woman. He looked at her now anxiously.

"You are nothing like well yet! I wish this business of Coniston's wasn't taking me away, or that you could get a thorough change."

"It is only the after-effects of influenza. I'll go as soon as the first-night is over. I think I'll go a long, long way off—for a complete rest."

How long the journey was to be, how complete the rest, neither of them dreamed. It was a telegram from Coniston that brought Renshaw back post-haste.

"My God! Dying! Dying! Impossible!" He reeled and caught at the table, staring stupidly at the man standing opposite to him, with a face like a white, grief-stricken mask. "My little friend! My little friend!" he groaned.

"Friend! Friend! My God, man; were you mad or blind? Couldn't you see she loved you? Go to her now. Your paltry friendship was more to her than my passionate love. Go to her! Play the lover! Let her die happy, even if she dies believing a lie! Let her think you love her! Why, I do believe—! So you are awake at last, are you? You have found your heart? Her little hands have been beating on it long enough. Go to her quickly, or you'll miss her—she's very near the gates! . . . My God! The irony of it—the irony of it!" And Coniston was alone, while Renshaw, with that new light in his despairing eyes, was speeding towards Elsa's home.

"You are too late, Mr. Renshaw; too late!" He staggered back against the door and his lips formed the words "Too late!"; but no sound came.

"It was a chill caught at the first-night of her new play. Oh, my child! My sweet girl!" The mother broke down and sobbed quietly for a few minutes.

"You have only just missed her. Come in and see. I think she would like you to. She spoke of you several times. She wrote to you, but almost her last act was to tear the letter up. It is in her hands still. Look!"

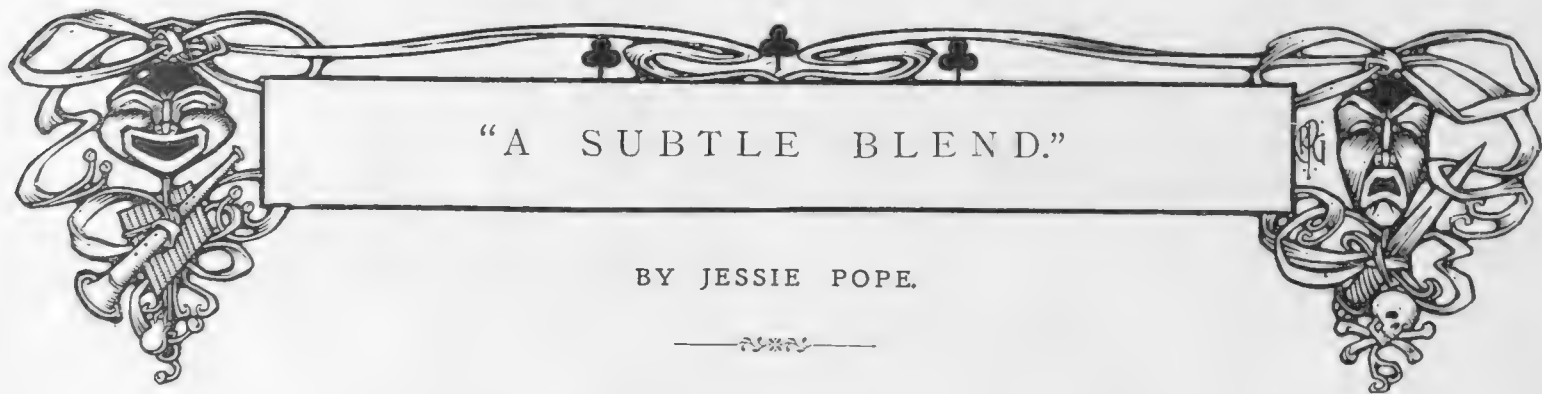
Elsa lay as if asleep, a sweet, serious look on her thin little face and in her hands the torn letter.

"I shall take it. She would have had me do it, if she had known."

The mother bowed her head, and, closing the door, left him alone with the dead girl and her message. With steady hands and dry eyes, he pieced the feebly torn sheets together. A pathetic little message, a simple, loving greeting, showing how deep he dwelt in her heart; but the words that burnt themselves into his brain, the words that will echo in his ears until he, too, lies where Elsa lay then were these—

I tried to carry my secret with me to the grave, but, as I lie here, it seems to me that, perhaps, if I had not tried so hard to be "magnanimous," if I had let you suspect just once, you might have loved me a little in return for my great love.—ELSA.

Even that little hope had failed her at the last, and she had died in the act of tearing up her pitiful appeal—"magnanimous" to the end.



Ah, wandering whiff! Why have you come,
From some fastidious smoker creeping,
To strike my careless jesting dumb
And set these placid pulses leaping?
In vain I stifle back the sigh
And shun the fragrance that invoked it—
On Devon moor, in days gone by,
He smoked it.

Three times before you've spoilt my day—
At Henley, Lord's, and once at skating—
By wandering across my way,
Distinctive, rare, and penetrating.
Like homing birds my fancies fly,
Ere I can pull myself together,
To tumbled rocks, blue summer sky,
And heather.

'Twas summer madness, I allow—
The wisest course was to forget it;
I took the wisest course, and now
Not for one hour do I regret it,
Till Mem'ry's unexpected guest—
A hidden rain of tears within it—
Sweeps pain into my heart for just
A minute.

Dear, fragrant whiff, that book is shut;
You shall not make me turn the pages
That should, perhaps, have stayed uncut—
At least, so say the modern sages.
Poor, sightless Love is indiscreet
And builds a fence for fools to fall at;
And yet—there's nothing half so sweet
For all that.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

"A COUNTRY MOUSE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

MR. ARTHUR LAW'S "Country Mouse" is really a cat and able to teach Londoners a good deal—indeed, rather more than it is desirable they should learn. And she gives some food for laughter—not a hearty, lung-stirring laughter, but the laughter of malevolent mirth. Perhaps "A Country Mouse" is not



MISS CHARLOTTE GRANVILLE, WHO PLAYS LADY SYLVIA BOWLBY IN "A COUNTRY MOUSE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photograph by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

quite the play for the bread-and-butter miss, but it is said—I hope untruly—that the bread-and-butter miss has grown so rare that she need not be taken into account; the whisky-and-soda miss is taking her place. One is glad to see more work from Mr. Law, who quite a long time ago contributed—at Langham Place—to the gaiety of Londoners of the untheatrical persuasion; and glad, too, that Miss Annie Hughes has a good part once again and is able to please her admirers in it. Whether she exactly catches the idea of the play seems a little uncertain. No one, I think, off the stage would be taken in by her assumed air of simplicity; but it may be that this is of the humour of the play. There is no doubt concerning the other characters. The Lady Sylvia of Miss Granville is a strongly drawn presentation of the unscrupulous, amorous matron, and a capital piece of acting, thrown into relief by the quiet, clever work of Mr. Gerald du Maurier, who once more has the part of the young man overburdened by the amiability of a married woman. Miss Vane Featherstone's part of the maiden who pretends to be a married woman in order that she may engage the affections of an invertebrate young libertine is not exactly pretty, but, of course, she plays it well enough. The pleasantest scene in the piece is that in which Mr. Volpé and Mr. Beveridge, as master and man, began to talk over old, happy times, and it was well acted. One must not forget Mrs. E. H. Brooke, very funny as an old charwoman.

"PAOLO AND FRANCESCA," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Circumstances over which even a popular Actor-Manager has no control prevented Mr. Alexander from time carrying out his cherished project of producing this play. I was glad to find, however, on talking the idea over again a day or two back, that he was even more enthusiastic than of yore concerning the play, and that, whether the piece succeeds or not in a play-acting sense, he is proud to have spent so much care and cost upon so earnest and often so beautiful a poetic effort.

When I chanced to lead Alexander on to certain of the many other plays upon this theme—plays ancient and modern—I found him

delighted rather than depressed at the fact that, since he commissioned young Phillips to prepare this early fifteenth-century Italian tragedy, other tragedies upon the same romantic theme have been brought out abroad. The most important examples of these are, of course, the American play written by that not altogether unimportant novelist, Mr. F. Marion Crawford, and Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini," recently produced in Italy, and soon afterwards prohibited by the local Censorship as being a play "of immoral tendencies," if you please.

As to the older stage-versions of this tragedy, I did not find that Mr. Alexander, any more than most of those who have written of his production, seemed to know that another American author, a Congressman named G. H. Boker, wrote a "Paolo and Francesca" play in the States, and that he, once upon a time, came to England and wrote a Moorish tragedy for no less an actor than Samuel Phelps to play at Sadler's Wells. That tragedy, named "Calaynos," is in my possession, and, let me tell you, it is a powerful tragedy indeed.

For the *mise-en-scène* of this very latest edition of the Boccaccio legend, Mr. Alexander engaged that pictorial expert of the mediæval period, Mr. Percy Macquoid, who has found it necessary to put the time of the play forward for half-a-century or so. Mr. Macquoid's beautiful but by no means gorgeous costume-designs had, I found at the aforesaid dress-parade, been splendidly carried out by Monsieur and Madame Alias. Like Mr. Macquoid, these two costumiers are experts in this period, and, indeed, in most periods. Indeed, Madame Alias was long regarded in France as the best authority on historical costumes, and M. Alias's wonderful tomes on costume are the envy of many an artist.

The result of these dress-designing labours is deeply interesting. Every costume—and, indeed, every "property"—is as real as it is possible to be, and Mr. Alexander seemed proud of the fact that everything of the sort to be used in Mr. Phillips's play is realistic enough to be transferred bodily to South Kensington or any other Museum for the use of archæological students.

As regards these costumes, I ought first, perhaps, to notify lady *Sketch* readers that the dresses for the feminine players are very striking, especially those for the sweet Miss Evelyn Millard, who plays the all too fascinating Francesca; Miss Lilian Braithwaite, who enacts the pretty waiting-maid, Nita; and that intense and brainy actress, Miss Elizabeth Robins, who, as Lucrezia degl' Onesti, makes her welcome reappearance on the stage after eight years' deeply regretted absence. The materials for these feminine costumes are both rich



MISS ANNIE HUGHES AS "SAUCERS" IN "A BIT OF OLD CHELSEA," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

and rare, although not of glowing colours. Everything, indeed, has been carried out with strict attention to the sumptuary laws of those times. Yes, even as the dear ladies are sure to notice, even more than you mere men will, that all the charming actresses concerned have managerially been respectfully prohibited from wearing c-rs-ts!

The costumes which Mr. Alexander will have to don as Giovanni Malatesta, Tyrant of Rimini, are as wonderful as they are weighty,

has been so successful as Glory Quayle in "The Christian" on tour, will produce at the Kennington Theatre a new four-Act drama, written by Mr. Victor Wednell and entitled

"A WOMAN OF IMPULSE."

It will have a very powerful cast. In the meantime, that charming Savoy opera, "The Emerald Isle," is delighting the patrons of Mr. Robert Arthur's beautiful suburban theatre.

MUSICAL ITEMS.

The music of "Ben Hur," which is now in rehearsal at Drury Lane, will be one of its most attractive features. I have had the pleasure of hearing some of it, and do not hesitate to pronounce it beautiful. In some portions, "Ben Hur" almost approaches Grand Opera, and the passages where the chorus is heard behind the scenes are charming. These effects are realised by a fine chorus of nearly a hundred voices, most of them excellent and carefully selected. With the question of sacred dramas on the stage, I have happily nothing to do, but, from the careful and reverent manner of Mr. Collins's production of the play, I should imagine that it is likely to do good, and that it will be the greatest triumph ever known at Drury Lane I have not the slightest doubt.

I am glad that the Committee of the Norwich Festival intend to encourage the performance of the music of British composers, past and present. Works by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Sir Hubert Parry, Dr. Villiers Stanford, Dr. Elgar, and Dr. Cowen ought to make a goodly show on behalf of native music, and there are others less known who will have a chance of coming to the front. Among them are Mr. Arthur Hervey, Mr. Edward German, Mr. Frederick Cliffe, and Mr. Herbert Bedford, the husband of Madame Liza Lehmann, who has written music to the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet." The one difficulty in this case is that in Gounod's opera "Romeo and Juliet," the Balcony Scene is, perhaps, the best portion.

Herr Wilhelm Backhaus gave his second pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Tuesday, Feb. 25. This performer is one of the best of the many German pianists who have visited us this season. He played the "Italian Concerto" of Bach in rather too modern a style. Mendelssohn's "Variations Séricuses," however, displayed his brilliant execution to the greatest advantage. In Beethoven's Sonata in C-minor (Op. 27), generally known as the "Moonlight" Sonata, Herr Backhaus did not reveal great depth of feeling, but in pieces of Liszt his command of the finger-board was very remarkable. Four pieces of Tschaiikowsky were also included. Miss Lilian Foulis played Ernst's "Hungarian Airs" with considerable skill.



MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS, TO PLAY LUCREZIA IN "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Dupont, New York.

and that is saying a good deal. When he first put those uniforms on, I said I wondered how he would manage to get about in them. Even his first dress, a deep-blue, velvety-plushy gabardine, trimmed with massive gold fringes and things, to say nothing of heavy Masonic-looking jewels, needs a powerful man to get about in it. Moreover, there is to be added a frightfully heavy, broad-bladed, gold-embossed sword, and a kind of family dagger which must weigh several pounds. As to Alexander's armour—all real steel stuff, mind you, and not the usual stage tinny material—that is even heavier. And you will see plenty of this rich, heavy armour about the stage.

The next new important play-production toward is that of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's comedy,

"THE PRINCESS'S NOSE."

This play, which was suggested to Mr. Jones by a certain remark on the "Solution of Noses" made by Mr. Shandy père to Uncle Toby, may be expected at the Duke of York's in a week or a week and a-half from the date of this issue of *The Sketch*. The first-night will be a noteworthy one, if only for the fact that we shall have an opportunity of welcoming back to the stage the very clever Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

AVENUE THEATRE.

Miss Phillips and Mr. Stanley have fixed March 29 for production, at the Avenue Theatre, of an adaptation of Hennequin and Valabrégue's play, "Coralie et Cie," which recently took Paris by storm. The title will be "The Little French Milliner," and Mr. Dion Boucicault will stage it. Those engaged include Misses Miriam Clements, Cicely Richards, Janet Alexander, Hilda Trevelyan, May Pardoe, and Messrs. Cosmo Stuart, Eille Norwood, Welton Dale, and Arthur Williams.

MISS JESSIE HUDLESTON

(whose charming performances of Gretel in "Hänsel and Gretel" and the title-rôle of "La Poupée" are still fresh in the minds of the London public) has been engaged by Mrs. D'Oyly Carte as prima donna for her approaching South African tour, and will give a farewell concert at Steinway Hall on Monday evening, March 10, under the management of Mr. Ferdinand Conti. The following artistes will support Miss Hudleston in her venture: Madame Belle Cole, Miss Fanny Wolfe, Miss Maggie Law McPhael, Miss Annie Walden, Mr. Samuel Masters, Mr. Charles Copland, Mr. Herbert Fryer, and Miss Italia Conti (by kind permission of Mr. George Alexander).

In the course of a few weeks, Mr. Hall Caine's sister Lily, who



MISS JESSIE HUDLESTON,

WHO GIVES A FAREWELL CONCERT IN THE STEINWAY HALL ON MARCH 10, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. FERDINAND CONTI.

Photograph by Medrington, Liverpool.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Cycling in Spring—Shoes for Wheelers—Mr. Poultney Bigelow and English Hotels—District Messengers as Cyclists—Easter Tours—Cost of Cycling.

Time to light up: Wednesday, March 5, 6.45; Thursday, 6.46; Friday, 6.48; Saturday, 6.50; Sunday, 6.52; Monday, 6.53; Tuesday, 6.55.

Hail to spring! No, I am not going to indulge even in a prose poem about the delights of spring. But the snow and the cold have gone, and, although the roads are still rather greasy and muddy, the fragrance of springtide is in the air. Let a man stay within doors for a fortnight, checked from his customary outdoor exercise by hideous weather; then let him jump astride his wheel and get away country-wards, where already the trees are nipped with shoots, and if he does not come back with a light, merry heart, and an optimistic rather than a dreary view of life, there is something wrong with him and he should see a doctor.

I find it a difficulty to get a really satisfactory pair of cycling-shoes. There are plenty of good shoes on the market that look neat and wear well, and yet which leave a great deal to be desired. Perhaps, it may be my own fault, due to not quite correct pedalling, but I must say that the majority of shoes soon get out of shape and even become rather difficult to walk in. Of course, a cycling-shoe is not a walking-boot; yet most cyclists combine at least a little walking with their wheeling, and it is certainly uncomfortable when you start off from the local inn to visit the local church to feel you are not quite properly fitted for a tramp. One of the best shoes I have ever come across is that with a steel-stiffened sole made of soft but still serviceable leather.

My friend Mr. Poultney Bigelow has been writing in a San Francisco journal about his travels in our old island. He has come in for a good deal of criticism "on this side" because of his views, and one paper assumes that, however well-known a writer he may be, his acquaintance with English ways is but slight. This is an error, because Mr. Bigelow has lived for a good many years among us. All he says about the poorness in the way of providing food in the average hotel is, alas, too true, and, no doubt, he has not been impressed by the civility of service meted out to him. Mr. Bigelow is an American and I am a Britisher, and I rather fancy that I know as much about American things as he does about British. I admit you can get better food in the ordinary country American inn; but when one comes to the point of civility, the English host is a perfect Chesterfield in politeness compared with the American. The American landlord does not intend to be rude. His manner occasionally, however, strikes the wandering Britisher as not being by any means so courteous as it ought to be. We on this side the "herring-pond" are great critics of ourselves. But we must give the devil his due, and the landlord of English inns is usually a very decent sort of fellow.

Certainly, though rather slowly, the bicycle is being used for commercial purposes as well as for those of pleasure. The only wonder is there is not a greater utilisation than happens to be the case. The Post Office authorities have recognised what a great saving of time bicycles are, and the telegraph-lad on his red-enamelled machine is becoming a familiar spectacle in our streets.

The District Messenger Company tried the bicycle tentatively a while back, but now its service has been fully appreciated and in every one of the stations there are three or four bicycles. The messenger has for generations been regarded as amongst the most dilatory creatures on earth. Astride a bicycle, however, a boy has an incentive to cover the distance as quickly as possible. I see that these District Messenger-boys are now put to a variety of purposes besides carrying parcels and letters to various parts of London. The Manager, in a recent interview, stated that last year a gentleman taking a cycle-tour in Scotland, and, naturally, wanting to be burdened as little as possible with luggage, engaged a messenger to take charge of the latter, the boy travelling by train and meeting him day by day at certain appointed places.

Easter is not an ideal time of the year for touring. The hardy wheelman, however, is not to be restrained by gusty weather from getting the best he can out of the few days' respite from ordinary work which Easter-time brings. The majority of folks, nevertheless, make no preparation at all for Easter cycling, but let the weather decide when the time comes along. Should it be so fortunate that all the conditions are favourable, then probably one or two friends decide to set off on a little tour, or, it may be, for only a single day's ride. As likely as not, none of them have done so long a stretch of wheeling for over six months. Consequently, they get very tired and their muscles ache; they have taxed themselves beyond their energy, and, as a result, the ride has done them more harm than good.

How much does cycling cost a man? I don't mean how much does it cost a professional rider, but an ordinary man, fond of wheeling, and who

gets out whenever he has an hour or two to spare. It has been calculated that, on an average, cycling costs about £6 or £7 a-year. There is the initial cost, and, assuming that a man pays twenty guineas for his mount and that he rides it for three years, he cannot expect, selling it afterwards as a second-hand machine, to get more than £7 for it. Then there has to be considered the matter of wear-and-tear. A bicycle is among the most perfect of mechanisms, and, when properly looked after, needs to pay very few visits to the repairer's shop. Still, every now and then there are breakages, new tyres are required, and purchases made to keep it bright and easy-running. If you count up all the petty expenses and allow a safe margin, it will be seen that some £7 a-year is a very fair average price. Where the world through will you get so much for your £7? That opens up an enormous question which would require many pages of *The Sketch* to answer, unless one does it laconically and replies, "Nowhere." No man has ever taken to wheeling and has not been ready to admit what a boon and a blessing it is. J. F. F.



MR. KYRLE BELLEW, THE FAMOUS ROMANTIC ACTOR, NOW PLAYING IN AMERICA.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The King. It was quite a treat to see the King on a racecourse once more, and there was a big crowd at Kempton Park on Thursday to do honour to His Majesty. All State ceremonial was dispensed with, and His Majesty strolled in the paddock the while he puffed his cigar and chatted pleasantly to Lord Coventry, Lord Marcus Beresford, and Mr. G. W. Lushington. The King wore a bowler-hat and a dark top-coat. It was truly remarkable to see the quiet manner in which the crowd acted in the presence of their King. The Royal Box at Kempton is very comfortable. It is well furnished, and I believe the range still stands in an ante-room which was fixed for the accommodation of the Shah of Persia when he visited the meeting with the Prince of Wales. It may not be generally known that His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, was a paying member of the Kempton Park Club, and he was always partial to the meeting. I remember once seeing His Majesty present at the meeting with his three daughters before either of the latter was married, and it was a treat to see the Royal Princesses joking with their father. The King, by-the-bye, has still the same old pleasant smile for his friends and acquaintances. His Majesty is a real tactician.

Turf Morality. It should be remarked, in connection with the recent Bank Frauds, that none of the men convicted were recognised racing-men. Burge, it is true, attended the meetings regularly, but he was what is known as a hanger-on, and, as a pugilist, he was a little hero among the loafers and street-corner loungers. Yet Burge was not by any means an ill-mannered man. He was sought after for boxing shows, and I believe he was liked by music-hall habitués. But it was evident that he had learned to "tell the tale," and for doing so he now has to pay the penalty. On reading the evidence, I came to the conclusion that Burge had to a certain extent been put "in the cart" by that brace of thorough-paced scoundrels, Marks and Mances; but it would be an insult to Burge to suggest that he did not know the company he was keeping. Anyway, his two friends got off by bolting, although I hope to see them laid by the heels if they are still in the land of the living. But I started out to talk of Turf morality. As a rule, it is of a fairly high standard and few debts of honour go unpaid; but occasionally one hears even a big bookmaker talking to a brother layer after this fashion: "You don't blame me for making a bit when I get the chance, do you?" It is the desire to "make" a bit that accounts for a lot, and opportunity is a big thing. But base-coiners do get punished occasionally.

A Dressy Year. According to the West-End costumiers, this is to be a light year. All the ladies' dresses are to be built of light shades, and even the gentlemen will wear light suits. This will be a relief after the black year we have just passed through. I hope, however, that Royalty will allow us to discard the top-hat for

the Panama, both at Ascot and Goodwood, if the sun is at its hottest. Gentlemen might easily wear their top-hats to and from the course, and when there deposit these in the cloak-rooms and don their Panamas. It is well-nigh impossible for a backer or a layer to carry on his business successfully while wearing a top-hat when the thermometer



JAKE GAUDAUR, EX-CHAMPION OARSMAN OF THE WORLD, WHO HAS MET WITH A SEVERE ACCIDENT WHILST CURLING AT RAT PORTAGE, CANADA. IT IS FEARED THAT HE IS PERMANENTLY DISABLED FROM SCULLING.

Photograph by Mayse, Putney.

is registering a hundred-and-ten degrees in the shade. It might be done in a cabbage-field with the cold pack ready at hand, but not on the Ascot course when herbage of any sort is at a premium. A cool head is a big essential to the successful betting-man, and it is a fact worth noting in this direction that one seldom sees a successful bookmaker wearing a top-hat. He generally affects a "Trilby," a soft felt, or a straw. And he's a good judge, too.

The Grand National.

More than the usual interest will centre in the race for the Grand National this year, on account of Ambush II. standing a good chance of winning. I hope the King's horse will go through the race without accident, in which case he should win, for he is one of the handsomest horses in training. He won with 14 lb. in hand two years ago, and he must have improved quite 7 lb. since then, so that his chance on paper reads second to none. I do not expect to see more than half of the starters finish this year, and I shall be much surprised if many of the jockeys are not dead-beaten before Becher's Brook has been crossed a second time. Amateur riders, as a rule, do better than professionals over the course.

CAPTAIN COE.

JAKE GAUDAUR.

Jake Gaudaur, the ex-Champion Oarsman of the World, has, I regret to learn, met with a severe accident. It appears that, whilst curling at Rat Portage, in Canada, he fell and injured his shoulder-bone so badly that it is feared he will be permanently disabled from using the sculls again. It was in September 1896 that he gained his Championship by his victory over Stanbury on the stretch from Putney to Mortlake. For five years he retained his position unassailed, when, in the autumn of last year, George Towns journeyed to Canada and beat him upon his own course.

His reputation as a sculler commenced with his memorable race with William Beach on the Thames in 1886. The struggle between them was terribly keen, and resulted in, perhaps, one of the most desperately fought-out contests ever witnessed on the Home river. Impeded by strong winds and buffeted by the turbulency of the water, with their boats almost at a standstill, both men were seen to be in a state of complete exhaustion, and it was only after an urgent appeal from his friends that Beach, who had twice requested to be allowed to give up, pulled himself together for the very small spurt that took him home. Gaudaur's skill and power of endurance, however, stood him in good stead later on, when he carried everything before him.



MR. JAMES WELCH IN "THE NEW CLOWN," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

"PING-PONG" CAUSED AN OBSTRUCTION IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE WHILST ON HIS WAY TO HAVE THIS PICTURE TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

ONE discovers that there is a great fluttering on the subject of dress at the moment not alone in dove-cotes, but in "Club-cotes" as well. The men are, in fact, much exercised over reports of enormous expenditure that the coming Season's functions will involve, and—being men—while wishing their wives to look



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A CHARMING TEA-JACKET OF LACE.

smart, rather flinch at an inevitable accompanying extravagance. Men, one finds also, as a rule, make the initial mistake of supposing that women dress for them, which is by no means the case. Our frocks, like our dinners, are mainly "composed" with the idea of surpassing other women. The whole subject would, of course, be infinitely simplified if the masculine supposition were the true one, for we know by much experience that the all-round effect and not the ruinous detail of dress is what men realise and admire. Meanwhile, our forthcoming expensiveness is a foregone conclusion, and the ladies of Suburbia are preening themselves for fresh flights and feathers new as gaily and earnestly as any Peeress among them all. The mode-makers, both in Paris and here, are vigorously exploiting two distinct styles of dress, one of which may be summed up as the Romney, which goes in for picturesque effects, stiff brocades, high waists, Gainsborough hats, and the new curled coiffure. The other concurrent mode may be set down as flimsiness personified, and includes ample frills and flounces, hand-painted chiffons, jewelled lace, and embroideries of the extremest elaboration.

The ball of Season novelties has begun rolling already, and some forthcoming fashions have even come down to the shop-window level, so that "The Woman in the Street" may read, mark, learn, and annex as well. I suppose we shall all be quaking when the Season is over and the bills arrive in a combined bombardment from milliner,

dressmaker, bootmaker, and the rest. Meanwhile, however, chiffons occupy our souls to the exclusion of most other things, husbands and households not excepted. Whenever one meets a friend out-of-doors now, she is either in the self-satisfied aftermath of an interview with her dressmaker or in the anxious preoccupation of hurrying to keep an appointment with the same. If not dressmaker or milliner, why, then, it is to the jeweller, who is just now the second most important person in the world.

Veering round to millinery, I notice the new hats are flatter than ever, correspondingly unbecoming, and have the additional drawback of drooping festoons of lace, ribbon, and what not over the hair. Women of "sense and sensibility" will avoid them; women who adore fashion in all its phases and occasional nightmares will adopt them. There is nothing more to be said. Some of the great picture-hats, entirely formed of gathered tulle and chiffon, which resemble variously coloured mosses, are correspondingly *outré*, but distinctly becoming—all the more when done in black. Ostrich-feathers are now put on in a new way, being passed round the hat-brim and fastening in front, with a great "boss" of pearls or paste connecting their junction at the back. Wired flounces of Limerick lace are very much used to edge the new wide hat-brims, but it must be noted by the amateur milliner that the wire in this connection passes through the net portion of the lace, while the edge falls like a soft curtain over circles of leafless flowers on the brim.

Entertaining, of course, will rage fiercely in all ranks this Season, and correspondingly great will be the demand amongst hostesses for



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A DINNER-GOWN OF WHITE LACE, CHIFFON, AND ROSES.

original departures in the great affair of table-decoration. To electric-light, I must confess, notwithstanding its adaptability, a distinct prejudice. Its effects on the table, no matter how toned down with silk, are too obvious. The wax-light of the classic has never been

actually superseded, and those good people, Clarke's "Cricklite" Company, have succeeded in glorifying the candle wax-light out of all knowledge in their latest adaptation of dinner-table illumination. Some of the recent designs which are shown in their Regent Street house open up a vista of decoration which no childish imagination of fairyland could excel, and I can recommend the dinner-giver in doubt as to her decorations to make all haste thither.



CLARKE'S "CRICKLITE" LAMP.

This Season, like everything else, jewellery inclines to the picturesque, and, instead of abnormally ugly "fender" tiaras, unimaginative rivières of diamonds and Gargantuan corsage-ornaments of the modern Mrs. Midas, an era distinctly arises of more delicately executed and artistically designed gem-setting. Those pretty little tiaras which take the form of tiny crowns, slender sprays of admirably simulated blossoms made to adorn our laces, and the daintily inset designs of intermixed diamond and pearl which take the form of collars, are all an improvement on the

barbaric solidity of even a few years back. One recent bride had a garland of "pussy wheat," imitated exactly from Nature, arranged to form a file for her hair, and some marvellously simulated maidenhair-fern in diamonds and green enamel has just been completed for the Coronation collar of a future Marchioness. The Parisian Diamond Company is at the moment responsible for some of the most original and lovely handicraft, in combinations of what we now recognise as "l'Art Nouveau," with jewels producing most astonishingly exquisite results. Their diamond Pavé work is particularly good in the interlacing network of the Louis XIV. period, which in jewellery, as in all else, was one of the most decorative in the history of the world. Nothing can more fully exemplify the art of the Parisian Diamond Company than a wonderful piece of diamond-setting which occupies the entire space of one window in their Regent Street premises, and which, like the tables at Monte Carlo, commands daily a row of interested spectators six deep.

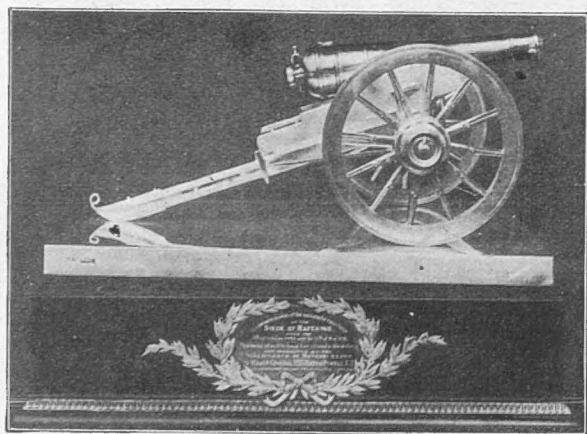
ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

LADY J. L.—There are special motor-veils to be had, which should be just the thing for your purpose. You can get them either at Claxton's, 62, Strand, or at the ever-useful Peter Robinson's. Your friends should put their shooting into the hands of Norman and Stacey. Their branch-house agency is 18, Cockspur Street, where they have been very successful in "placing" shoots and country-houses.

SYBIL.

A MEMORIAL OF MAFEKING.

The "Wolf" gun made by the defenders of Mafeking has been modelled in silver for presentation to General Baden-Powell by the



A MEMORIAL OF MAFEKING.

inhabitants of Matabeleland. The model is the work of the Royal Silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Oxford Street, London, W.

NOTE.

The Sketch is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

LORD COLCHESTER.

LORD COLCHESTER, who has just entered upon his sixty-first year, is by no means as widely known to the public as his great talents and erudition deserve. He is a quiet, unostentatious Peer, whose manner, by its peculiarity and lack of assumption, suggests that he has had a past not unconnected with achievement. No man left Oxford in the 'sixties with more brilliant prospects. The Hon. Reginald Charles Edward Abbot, as he then was, not only took a Double First at his University, but carried off the Stanhope History prize, and eventually landed into the dignity of an All Souls' Fellowship. A brilliant 'Varsity career for a silver-spooned heir of a Peerage. Lord Curzon of Kedleston did somewhat likewise, and in the Viceroyalty of India has justified alike the prognostications of his prize-givers and his peers. Lord Colchester's subsequent career has been scarcely so satisfactory. He has been private secretary to the late Earl of Derby, and, *en passant*, is son-in-law of the existing Earl de Montalt; he has received reverses from the constituencies; has been a Charity Commissioner and a member of the London School Board. His Lordship is also a Deputy-Lieutenant and a barrister-at-law. The Colchester barony was created in 1817, when it was conferred upon Charles Abbot, who for fifteen years was Speaker of the House of Commons. He was the son of a former rector in the selfsame town from which the Speaker took his title. The second Peer was a distinguished Admiral, and held the office of Paymaster-General in 1852, and that of Postmaster-General in 1858. Lord Colchester, who is his only child, through his mother, who was the daughter of the first Lord Ellenborough, has the advantage of some of our most learned



NEW PALACE OF JUSTICE NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT PRETORIA.

ALL THE INTERIOR FITTINGS AND FURNISHING WILL BE DONE BY S. J. WARING AND SONS.

legal blood. He is well known in the Park, where, as an equestrian, he is an energetic member of the "Liver Brigade." He has no heir.

Lord Colchester's family, with Abbot for its surname, must not be confused with that of Lord Tenterden, which spells the same surname with an additional "t." The fact is noteworthy that, almost at the same time, there was an Abbot, Speaker of the House of Commons, and an Abbott (Lord Tenterden), Lord Chief Justice of England. It would be interesting to elucidate from the chronicles of the early nineteenth century what benefit to men and manners resulted from such double-barrelled ecclesiastical supervision. It is very noteworthy that the House of Peers seems likely, in course of time, to lose both representatives of these sacerdotal families. Lord Colchester, as I have shown, has no heir, neither has Lord Tenterden; but, whereas the former Peer is married and past the meridian, Lord Tenterden is single and in his prime. He is a short, dark, convivial personage, much addicted to the Wellington Club, and, before its collapse, to the St. George's Club in Hanover Square. His step-mother, Lady Tenterden, has a house in Bryanston Square, and, in a minor way, is a London hostess.

The latest American-made drama to land on these shores a day or two ago is one based upon Colonel Hay's rather hot and strong ballad, "Jim Bludso." It is full of sensations, and, of course, "realises" the big climax wherein Jim—who, it will be remembered, had "one wife in Natchez and another one down in Pike"—performs his wonderful deed of valour on board the burning steamer.

Improved Continental Service.—On and after May 1, passengers leaving Liverpool Street Station at 8.30 p.m. and travelling *via* the Hook of Holland will reach Cologne at 12.2 p.m.; and, departing at 12.44 p.m., will be due at Munich 11.30 p.m., instead of 7.6 a.m. the following morning. In the other direction the service will be greatly accelerated, as passengers leaving Munich at 7 a.m., instead of 10.40 overnight, will reach Cologne at 5.39 p.m., and, leaving Cologne at 6.15 p.m., will arrive at Liverpool Street Station at 8 o'clock next morning. Through carriages will run between the Hook of Holland and Munich.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 11.

STAGNATION.

BUSINESS is very slack again, and brokers who were overwhelmed with work a few weeks ago are now sitting idly in their offices waiting for orders. The pace was too hot to last, especially as the boom was premature. For the hundredth time we had, in imagination, killed or captured De Wet and Botha, and now we awake to find that, instead, they are capturing convoys and breaking blockhouse lines.

Other causes have contributed to the present state of affairs, not the least of which is the uncertainty as to the intentions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his Budget. From what sources is Sir Michael going to draw his supplies and who are to be the new victims is in many trades such an absorbing question that people have neither time nor inclination for other speculations. Of all the indirect effects of the War, probably this recurring uncertainty as to new taxation is among the most injurious, from a trade point of view, and the sooner we know what we have to endure, the better for the City and all financial business.

As the time draws near for the battle over practically the Welsbach's only remaining patent (1893), there is considerable uneasiness among the holders of the Company's stocks; nor is this to be wondered at, for defeat means opening of the English market and a reduction in the price of mantles from sevenpence to about twopence-halfpenny each. We hear that the trial will begin in about a fortnight, and holders of stock must make up their minds for either a ten-point rise or an equally heavy drop upon the decision.

CONTRACTORS, LIMITED.

Various paragraphs have appeared in many of our contemporaries about syndicates of M.P.'s and treasure-lakes in Central America, from which it is hoped to secure millions, and considerable interest appears to have been excited by the subject. Those of our readers who do not want a wild gamble will, perhaps, forgive us for dealing at some length with the matter, but even for the man who will not invest a five-pound-note on the off-chance of making a thousand, there is a certain fascination in the subject.

In the Sesquile district of Colombia there lies a small lake, known as the Sacred Lake of Guatavita, which has no outlet or inlet; it is about a quarter of a mile in diameter and some forty-five feet deep. Here it is said that, for centuries before the days of the Spaniards, the Indians performed rites and made annual offerings of gold to the Spirit of the Lake, and, according to the ancient writers, the name "El Dorado," or "The Golden One," is derived from the fact that the King of Guatavita was every year anointed and powdered with gold-dust, in which condition he plunged into the lake and washed away his golden covering, whilst all the people made offerings by throwing cups, vessels, and ornaments of the precious metal to the fabled deity who resided in the waters.

Our illustration reproduces a charming view of the lake, and shows the cutting which the Spaniards attempted to make in the ancient days for the purpose of doing what Contractors, Limited, are now about to accomplish on scientific principles, namely, drain away the waters and leave the bed of the lake bare, that its supposed riches may be recovered.

The head of the enterprise is Mr. Hartley Knowles, who obtained the concession, and the Chairman of the Company is Mr. R. J. Price, M.P. A tunnel about 1100 feet long is being driven through the surrounding hills, below the level of the water, and there can be no doubt that the Sacred Lake of Guatavita will, some time early in 1903, be emptied of water. The gamble lies in the question of what the adventurers will find when the work is finished. The share-capital is only £30,000 in shares of £1 each, and when the goal is attained, every share ought either to be worth £100 or nothing. The circumstantial stories in the writings of Padre Fra Pedro Sinon, the yarns of Humboldt, and the traditions referred to in Captain C. S. Cochrane's Journal, may be—probably are—all moonshine, but, if there is even a grain of truth in the tradition, the shares of Contractors, Limited, can hardly fail to yield their fortunate owners a vast return.

The whole thing is a gamble—a sheer and unadulterated gamble, such as would, no doubt, make the heart of the Bishop of Hereford very sad, but which, after all, has its attractive side to most healthy

manikins. Should any reader wish to know more than we have space to tell, let him get a copy of "Tales of the Spanish Main," published by Macmillan and Co., and open it at page 186, where he will find almost all that is known about the matter; but, if he afterwards buys five or ten shares in Contractors, Limited, let him not blame us should the lake-bed contain nothing.

RHODESIAN RIDDLES.

Just before the coming of the Charter Trust and Agency Company, the Rhodesian Market shook itself together, and, to all outward appearance, made as though to prepare itself for a participation in the Kaffir boom. Prices did, indeed, advance—in three or four cases they improved substantially—but now the market is drying up like a Rhodesian river in the summer-time. The failure of the Dunraven to achieve anything but dire results is naturally a severe wet-blanket to the market, and the disappointment produced by the pinching-out of the reef is seen reflected in the prices of a number of similar shares. The Dunraven Board has, of course, secured an option over another property, but shareholders will be wise to let a new set of people embark their money upon the fresh venture. In face of the very respectable crushings announced from Rhodesia month by month—the January returns are announced as being 15,955 ounces—there is an air of mystery about the poor returns furnished by individual mines that is perplexing to the ordinary student of the market.

Another conundrum is propounded in view of the recently discovered copper and coal deposits: their extent, value, reliability—what are they? The rush up in Rhodesia Copper shares is due mainly to market manipulation, and the riggers, having all the shares to themselves, can do what they like with prices. But until the country is opened up and developed to a much greater extent than it is now, the dividends on Rhodesia Copper Companies cannot be nearly as sensational as the quotations for some of the shares are. Coal-mining in Rhodesia has a much brighter future just immediately, because the coal, any amount of it, can be used within a comparatively small radius from the spot whence it is dug out. Elements of uncertainty abound in the Rhodesian market in an abnormal degree, and we must be particularly prepared for the unexpected to happen. Matabele Gold Reefs, however, look a promising purchase, and it is not at all unlikely that Chartered themselves will be given another upward spin before long, unless, of course, the Kaffir Circus should experience a smart break, when all Rhodesian shares would be sympathetically affected.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

This is one of the funniest "booms" we have ever seen. Now that it shows signs of dulling down, some folks want to know whether it is—or was—a boom at all. Prices went up with a rush, novelties were introduced at fancy figures, business became prodigious, we all stayed till boom-hours in order to help our staffs get the work forward—and now the whole thing, two months old, gives signs of languishing, although prices are maintained at what must be called "boom" quotations. It is a mystery how they *do* keep up in the absence of buying orders, for there is, unhappily, no doubt as to the falling-off in trade with us in the House. The present strength of Kaffirs is the best sign that one could wish in looking forward to a fresh upward move. Moreover, the big houses—Wernher Beit and Co., Ochs Brothers, the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, and all others like them—must have any amount of new schemes on hand now that the Transvaal is on the point of re-development, and it is cogently urged that they cannot afford to let the market fall away in values, otherwise their prospects of making those schemes successful are shelved for the time being. Myself, I am inclined to believe that we shall have a very steady Kaffir Circus for some weeks to come, with nothing much doing in either direction, and, if my perspicuity (good word, that) is not at fault, prices may sag away a little, as they generally do when business falls off. Any sharp slump I do not anticipate one bit, and, of course, it is quite on the cards that South Africa may provide us with news good enough to stir up a continuance of the boomlet. In short, having expressed myself in long, the Kaffir Market seems to me in such a strong frame of mind as to warrant one prophesying a maintenance of current quotations, or thereabouts, until such pacific news comes from "the Front" as may enable the controlling string-pullers to hoist prices again in the sure and certain hope of their attracting the speculative public afresh.

Perhaps because it is a favourite time for making domiciliary changes, the first quarter of the year is frequently chosen as a season for changing brokers. Start not, Fair Reader; this is no self-advertisement, but merely a slight prelude to the following incident, for the truth of which I can vouch. A broker had an order from a new client the other day, and, in the somewhat old-fashioned style, sent the gentleman a form to fill up, like this—

Name in Full
Address
Description



THE SACRED LAKE OF GUATAVITA.

VIEW OF THE LAKE, SHOWING THE SPANISH CUTTING. THE WATER IN ANCIENT DAYS CAME OVER THE SIDE SHOWN IN FOREGROUND.

The first two lines were irreproachably correct. In the space left for the last the new client wrote, "Grey eyes, dark moustache, and scar on nose." A lady client of my own did the same sort of thing once when witnessing a transfer; but she hadn't a scar on her nose, or, if she had, she was ashamed to say so.

Many things new and strange has the Kaffir boomlet introduced to us. One of them is a legitimate grievance to brokers, who have hard-enough work to do in keeping their clients without the ubiquitous jobber cutting into the business. There has arisen a practice in the House of certain dealers in the South African Market going direct to the "shops" and bidding them for lines of shares—or offering them the same—at a figure. In the ordinary way, the jobber goes to a broker, and it is the latter who communicates with the "shop." Some of the controlling houses bluntly refuse to deal directly with jobbers, as it seems only fair that they should not do, and insist upon all bargains being transacted through a broker. Without wishing to be unkind to the poor little jobbers, I must confess that this latest move of theirs does not seem to be cricket, since it is the accepted theory, at any rate, that brokers should have the access to the public, and not jobbers. In certain circumstances, of course, the public and the dealer are, of necessity, brought into direct communication, but to make a recognised practice of it is carrying the joke too far. I willingly admit that I am writing from the point of view of the broker—although as one without any personal interest in the matter—and if there be anything to say on the other side, no doubt my City Editor would give publicity to it. There are not many jobbers so dead to all sense of enjoyment as to miss *The Sketch*, except when they are foolish enough to leave the paper lying within reach of a broker's hands.

The Yankee Market is a gone coon for the remainder of Lent, anyway. It may pick up after Easter, supposing that the rumours of damage to the winter wheat-crop can be wiped out by others relative to phenomenal estimates of the autumn ditto. That Northern Securities indecision has put a stopper on Yankee speculation, and you can stroll through the American tabernacle with the utmost ease in these degenerate days. And yet they are going to enlarge the market! Evidently some of our Managers are bulls of Louisvilles or Unions, while from the coming enlargements in the Foreign Market it would appear that they are laying in Tintos too. Good things to buy, Rios are. And so are Spanish, provided you don't keep them too long. The French financiers are bound to sustain Spanish for all they are worth pending the issue of the coming loan, and the mere fact that the price receded such a trifle during the Barcelona junketings is sufficient to show the strength of the market. Brazilian Rescission Fours have been enjoying a smart rise, and I fancy it was in *The Sketch* I first saw the things mentioned as a good purchase a few weeks ago. By the way, to hark back to Yankées for a moment, Canadian Pacific look cheap enough to buy now they are ex-dividend. Those of us who have consistently supported Canadas since the days when the shares were par are pretty confident that 120 will barely stop them. Grand Trunks are an idle market; but, seeing that the Second Preference is *cum* 4 per cent. dividend, the stock looks cheap at anything about 80 or 81.

Those Imperial Tobacco Preference shares look a good investment at about their present price of half-a-crown or three shillings premium. There is not much likelihood of any sensational advance in value, naturally, but for a sound speculative investment they do not look dear by any means. On the other hand, I can tell you what *do* look dear, and they are Charter Trusts at ten shillings premium. Nevertheless, I should not sell them if I held them, for good information talks to a much better price, and they are quite likely to go to a sovereign premium. Seeing that the majority of people got such comparatively small allotments—I know one man who applied for 10,000 shares and got 550—it seems worth while hanging on to them for the higher price. If you lose the lot, it isn't much, and you may as well have as much run as you can get for your money in this life. "Smatteract," as your shorthand friend would telegraphically observe, Charter Trust might very well be bought even now for the Special Settlement.

There is a deal of fuss being made about the drastic writing down that the Chelsea Electric report speaks of, but the new Directors are now doing spade-work which ought to have been accomplished long ago. Those who are on the look-out for an investment which is likely to steadily advance through good management of the Company's affairs may do much worse than make inquiries about Chelseas. Then, if they decide to buy the shares, they will probably, a year or two hence, be blessing

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, March 1, 1902.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal-order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCK.—All your shares appear reasonable holding. If you bought for investment, we see no reason to sell. Glasgow is the great market for Nobels, and it might be as well to inquire through some broker there as to holding for higher prices. The Dock securities are looked upon as likely to improve in the market.

N. W. S.—The price is 2s. 6d. to 5s., but it is doubtful if you could sell any quantity of shares. We do not see any hope of a rise.

ENQUIRER.—Yes, we know all about it. See this week's Notes.

YORKSHIRE.—(1) We have no faith in the Trust and believe it and its sister Company to be quite rotten. (2) As a speculative share these are not bad, especially with the prospects of a good "season" this year. (3) The shares cannot be worth much more than 30s., but the dividend is fairly safe. (4) We believe the Brewery to be in a very bad state and the valuation of its tied-houses enormously above what they would realise.

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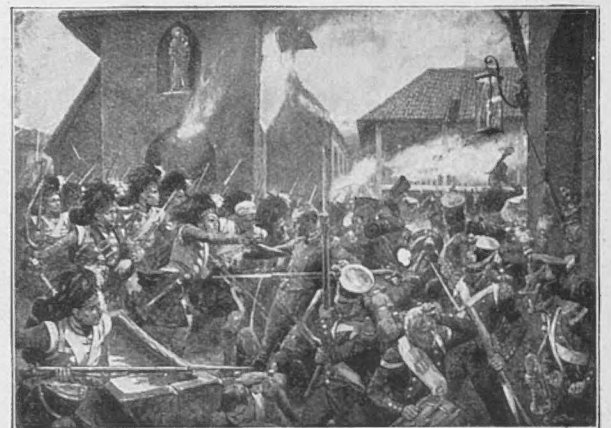
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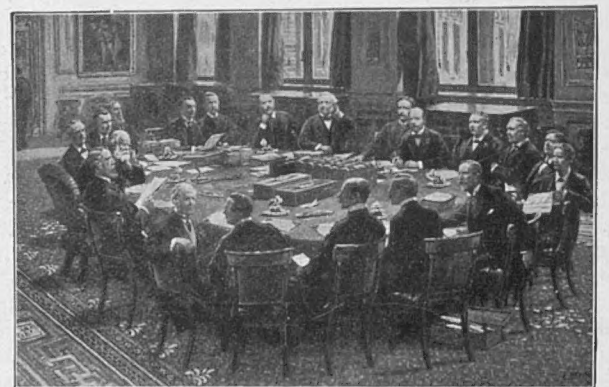


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